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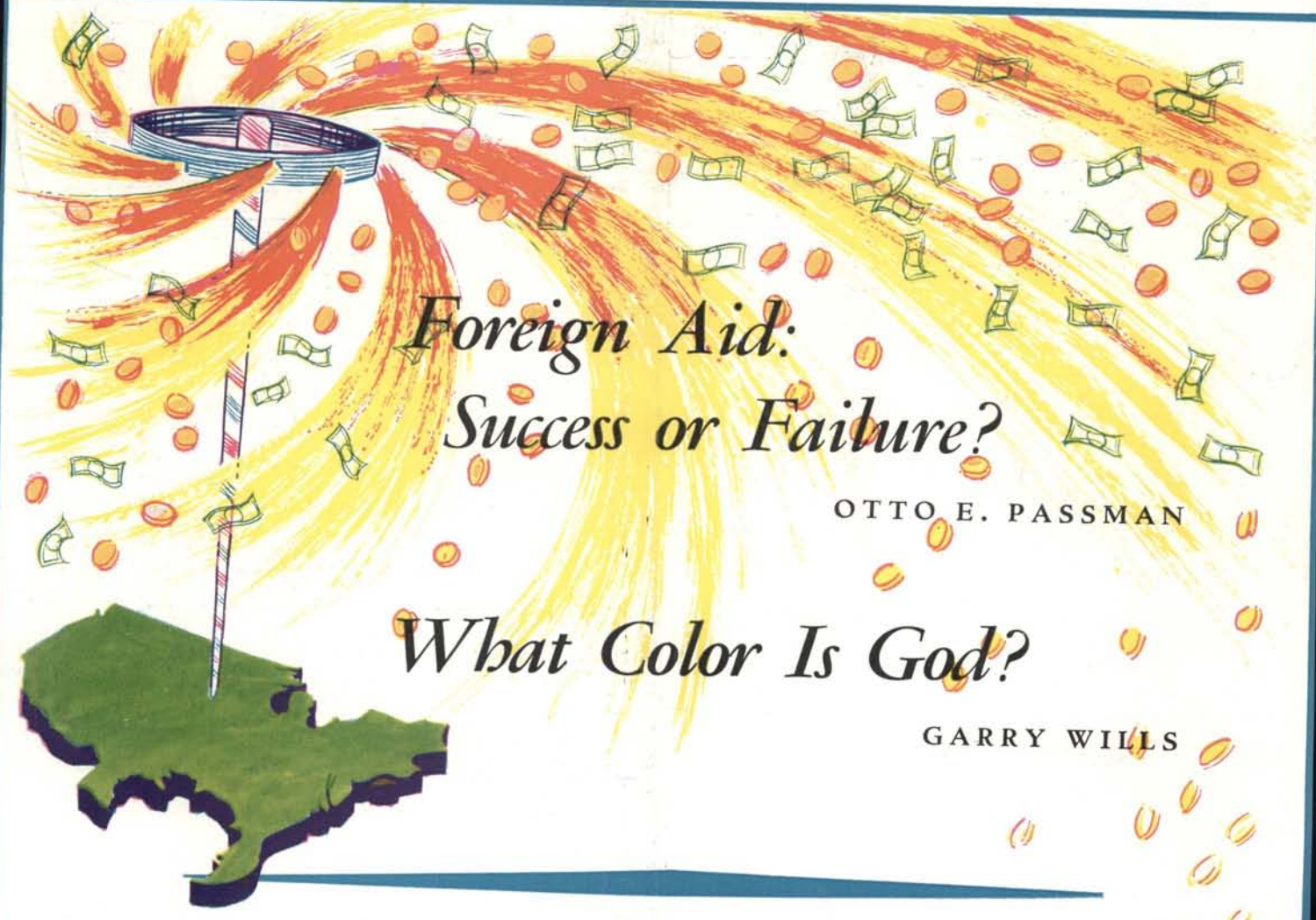
A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION



Foreign Aid: Success or Failure?

OTTO E. PASSMAN

What Color Is God?

GARRY WILLS

Articles and Reviews by . . . . ALICE LEONE-MOATS
L. BRENT BOZELL · JACK SELLERS · RALPH DE TOLEDANO

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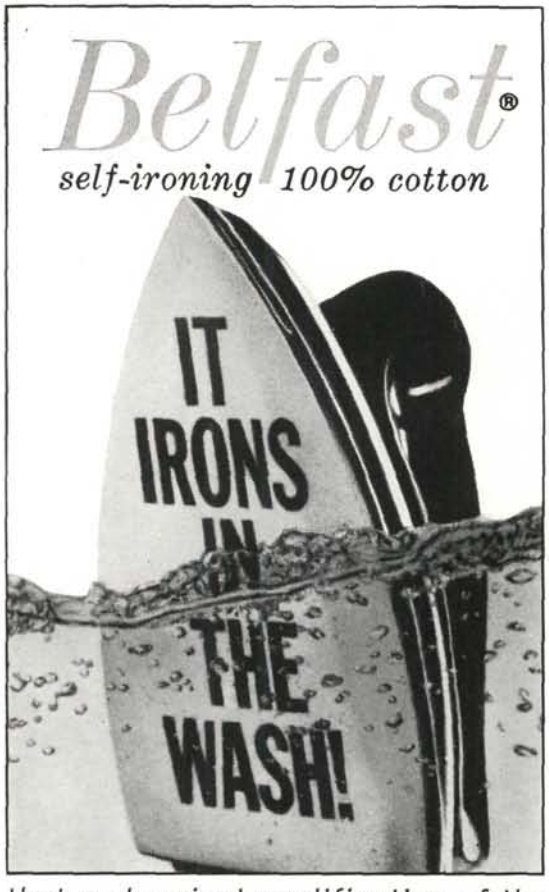

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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In This Issue . . .

→ Congressman **Otto Passman,** who, providentially, is head of the House committee that passes on foreign aid, lays it on the line. Indiscriminate foreign aid, of the kind we have been dispensing over the past fifteen years, can have the effect of damaging those nations we seek to befriend, and imperiling our own economy. Mr. Passman appears to be singularly unawed by the pressures on him to forswear his duty to serve his constituents and the nation according to his lights, and so qualifies for the admiration not only of those who seek solvency for the republic, but also of those who cherish the hope that some legislators will continue to resist satellization by the Executive Branch. . . . **Alice Leone-Moats** writes about the days that preceded the Italian elections, and about their immediate meaning. Miss Moats, our older readers will recall, gave the reasons, back in 1957, why Fidel Castro was probably a Communist. . . . **James Burnham** is himself just back from Rome, and supplements Miss Moats's impressions with his own analysis of what happened in Italy, the bitter fruit of the opening to the Left. . . . And **Frank Meyer,** again touching on the Italian elections, continues the analysis of the latest papal encyclical, *Pacem in Terris*, whose political effect, as clearly distinguished from its paradigmatic benignity, continues to worry those who observe the uses to which it is being put by the Left.

→ **Wm. Buckley** tries to untangle the threads that recently knotted in Birmingham, Alabama, and deplores the tendency of non-Southern critics automatically to assume that all Southerners are morally underprivileged. . . . **Brent Bozell** discusses the three constitutional amendments that are floating around the country picking up enough support to alarm the Establishment. . . . **Jack Sellers,** who writes about a day in the life of Happy Chandler, identifies himself as "31-years old, single and good-looking." He works for the *Courier-Journal.*

→ In the book section, **Ralph de Toledano** pens a moving tribute to Pablo Casals the musician. Otherwise, the entire section is devoted to a brilliant analysis by **Garry Wills** of the perfervid, eloquent Negro writer James Baldwin, who has asked us, in his new book, to overturn Western civilization, which stands indicted of failing to do justice by the Negro. "It was not the logical cogency of Baldwin's piece that shook me," Wills writes in a covering letter, "but the impact of his description of his personal resentments. So, the problem is to engage him at all, to relate the arguments to him, to avoid treating his anguish as irrelevant, yet show that it does not cancel some rather cold facts. If the advantage of civilization can actually be doubted—and apparently it can, to go by Baldwin's success—one needs to say some fairly simple things. I don't know any new arguments for civilization. And for that matter, defending a tradition with novelty is a little self-defeating." →

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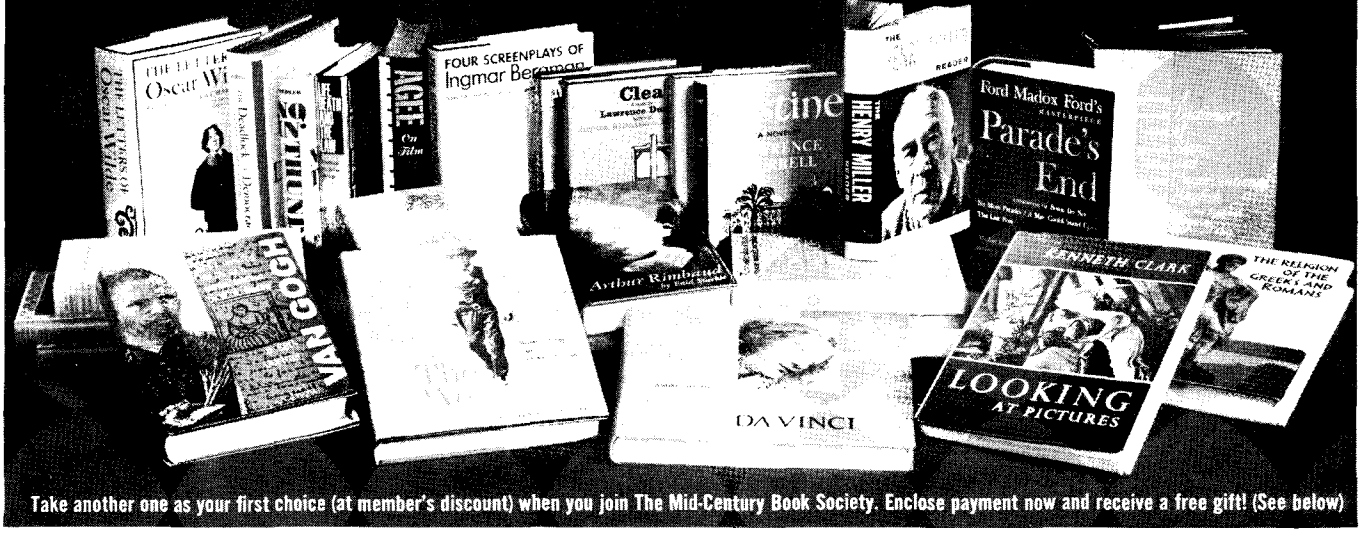

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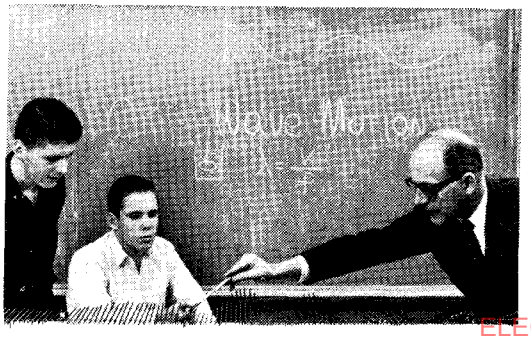

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The WEEK

● President Kennedy told a Central American Head of State (from whom NATIONAL REVIEW got this story) that Communist China now has the atom bomb and will explode it in "a few days, weeks or months." The conversation took place at the San José conference a month ago. Mr. Kennedy told NATIONAL REVIEW'S informant that possession of the A-bomb would enormously enhance Red China's prestige and make it necessary for the United States to concentrate on saving Laos and Vietnam lest all of Southeast Asia be lost. This was why, the President said, we could do nothing about Cuba now. JFK's suggestion was that all patriotic Cubans enlist in the United States Army and thus prove their devotion to freedom. Cuba, he assured them, would be liberated—some other time.

● New York's Conservative Party sponsored a public forum on Cuba at Town Hall, May 7, with panelists Ralph de Toledano, Mel Hunter, former Ambassador Spruille Braden, former Ambassador Earl E. T. Smith, Gen. A. C. Wedemeyer, and Frank S. Meyer. Before a lively audience of about 1,000 the panel gave a review of Castro's rise to power (Braden said State had been warned of Castro's Communist connections for eleven years) and reached agreement on the need for action against Castro. *Establish a government in exile and support a counter-revolution*—"we have to stand firm somewhere in the world" (E.E.T.S.). "Modernize the Monroe Doctrine so that it is applicable to subversive activities. . . . We're losing the world by increments" (A.C.W.). "The only way to make sure missiles aren't in Cuba is to go in there and take them out" (M.H.). "Move in with an overwhelming force; the stronger the force, the fewer the casualties" (R. de T.). "The real risk of nuclear warfare is to keep on retreating" (F.S.M.). "It's no longer a question of saving Cuba, it's a question of saving the United States" (S.B.). Because of the difficulties of aerial reconnaissance on an overcast evening, the *New York Times* reported only 300 in the audience. In high places such underestimations can be terribly costly.

● Operation Water Moccasin, a guerrilla game in eastern Georgia to celebrate this year's graduating class of the Army Special Warfare School, was conducted under the eyes of foreign observers. SecDef McNamara announced that the observers wouldn't be Africans, but East Georgia eyes are sharp. Upon solemn testimony that the observers were a leetle bit. . . . SecDef said well yeah i guess they're sort of Liberians and Indonesians and what-all. Hell, cried East Georgia, we're being invaded by the UN. Y'all hush and don't be silly, said Senator Strom Thurmond, who has an agrarian eye for the signs of spring, and a nose for when the sap is running. Translation: No, troops, the UN is not up to any funny business in Georgia, but McNamara's evasiveness is making a lot of people increasingly suspicious.

● *Room 3603*, the latest book by H. Montgomery Hyde, might better have been titled: *How We Were Got Into World War II*. This espionage tale, which was approved for publication by British authorities, outlines in detail the steps taken by the British Secret Intelligence Service, operating from Room 3603 in Rockefeller Center in the years between 1939 and 1942 to embroil the United States in the war. Its activities were far-ranging; everything from blackening the name of the Vichy government, to counterfeiting passes to an America First Rally at Madison Square Garden in order to disrupt it, to stealing French and Italian secret ciphers. Operating on American soil, the British intelligence unit had, according to this book, the full cooperation of President Roosevelt and the FBI (which emerges as somewhat of a patsy), but its activities were concealed from the State Department and our own military chiefs. Mr. Hyde's story is shocking and should be investigated to set the record straight and perhaps to discover from what room in what major Manhattan office building other people's SISs are now operating, and with what in mind?

● If the House approves the multi-billion-dollar Mass Transit Bill, the Federal Government will move even deeper into the transportation business. At present, Washington throttles railways through the ICC, hobbles airlines with the CAB, subsidizes and controls shipping through two maritime agencies, cements control over a vast highway network through the Bureau of Public Roads, and generally stuffs sand from the Potomac into the nation's gear boxes. In the interests of efficiency, Senator Case (R., N.J.) wants to consolidate all the transportation agencies under one cabinet-level department. Question: how will the bureaucrats who oppose private mergers for efficiency react to the proposed combination of trade restrainers?

● We have no wish to deter Professor Owen Lattimore, who plans to leave this country, though we might understand it if England, to which he plans to go, should want to deter his entry. He is bound for the University of Leeds, there to institute a new department of Chinese studies. There is no sense, actual-

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ly, in persecuting Owen Lattimore, but there is every reason in the world not to forget what he did, which was to play a crucially important and sinister role in the postwar U.S. policy toward China which brought on the current age of misery, the realities of which, we hope, students of Chinese studies at Leeds will be exposed to. The most appalling send-off Mr. Lattimore got was in *Newsweek,* which wrote: "Far behind Lattimore was his political embroilment of a decade ago; painted Red by the late Sen. Joseph R. McCarthy, he denied any Communist links and won vindication in a federal court." The federal court did not address itself to whether Mr. Lattimore had any Communist links (he had more Communist links than Carter has pills), but to whether he could be prosecuted under the terms of an indictment which, the Court ruled, was constitutionally insufficient. The unanimous judgment of a Senate committee of which Senator McCarthy was not a member, arrived at, after a two-year investigation preserved in 13 volumes, is that Professor Lattimore, during the crucial period in question, had worked as a "conscious, articulate instrument of the Soviet conspiracy." That judgment survives unchallenged by serious refutation, and not the overseers of Leeds, nor even the editors of *Newsweek,* can wipe it away.

● *Medical examiner's report:* Patient: Kozlov, Frol. Age: 54. Heredity: nil. Environmental background: Secretary of the Communist Party (noncontagious). Pathology: 1961 heart attack inappropriate for further publicity effect. Current complaints: hypertension of the upper presidium, accompanied by severe acrophilia. Treatment: cot rest, legal therapy, standard soup. Prognosis: good—all symptoms should shortly disappear.

● *Our Liberties,* Vol. I, No. 1, Spring 1963, edited and published by Robert Morris as the voice of Defenders of American Liberties, has come off the presses in handsome style. It outlines the crucial work of the Defenders and describes a few cases of governmental invasion of individual rights, such as the "psychiatric" imprisonment of General Walker, wherein the Defenders hope to take a leading role in the defense of individual liberty, with emphasis on those forgotten Americans who, in pursuit of their freedom, run athwart Big Government. Though organized less than a year ago, Defenders has a backlog of hundreds of cases it would like to handle if it only had the time, and the staff. The Defenders, and Judge Morris, can be addressed at 2001 Adolphus Tower, Dallas, Texas.

● Get that Juan Bosch, that man of peace. We don't much care what happens to Duvalier, though we hope for the sake of the Haitian people that the maximum voodoo will gobble him up. But Bosch, having got what he demanded from Duvalier, and what he was entitled to—respect for the Dominican Embassy, and sanctuary for refugees taking shelter in it—has not ceased his demands. Every day he is telling Duvalier what else to do, much of it having nothing whatever to do with the Dominican Republic. It is ironic that a man who talks peace so much with that left-rhetoric which has so endeared him to the Liberal International should so obviously be straining at the bit for just a little old-time military action. And it is ironic that his predecessor, a military man and a despot, and local Bad-Man of the century, never interfered in the affairs of Haiti. Come to think of it, one wishes he had.

● The U.S. National Student Association, a ponderous Liberal sub-apparat which seems bent on throttling all intellectual enterprise on the nation's campuses, has been skewered by an extensive and ably crafted report just issued by the Young Americans for Freedom. The NSA's pernicious influence abroad, its care and feeding of student radicalism at home, its epic distaste for its own rules and principles, are all made heavy of. "NSA Report" will be of especial interest to students presently battling NSA at the local level. A copy is available for $1 from YAF, 514 C Street NE, Washington 2, D.C.

● DOESN'T SOUND FUNNY TO US DEPT. IT SOUNDS SOMETHING ELSE: Robert Kennedy, in answer to question by AP reporter whether he was being groomed for the Presidency in 1968, exactly as reported by the *Charlottesville* (Va.) *Daily Progress*: "Absolutely President. I know that may sound funny to some people, but that's no. I don't even think about being the truth."

The Politically Unhappy Marriage

It misses the mark to maintain, as so many observers are doing, that the abstract question of divorce and remarriage is the principal cause of Mr. Rockefeller's difficulty. Granted there are those who are repelled by the mere statistic, and that any divorced and remarried man will have difficulties with a given number of voters who reason that any man who has not succeeded in his family life, whatever the reasons, and however holy a human being he might be, ought not to be elected to the highest office, in which in America we seek not merely political omnipotence, but personal impeccability (that's the way it tends to be in a country which unites the offices of chief executive and chief of state).

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But that group of voters, the pols are saying, is not large in America. During 1948, it pays to remember, perhaps the most conservative elements of the American community were united in an idealistic write-in campaign aimed at nominating General Douglas MacArthur for the Presidency. And MacArthur is a man who had been divorced, and remarried.

What bothers the pols is the *style* of Rockefeller's behavior. For it is the style of a homebreaker. One minute he was married, to a wife with whom he had lived thirty-one years, the next minute divorcing, the next minute marrying a pretty girl nineteen years his junior who had herself been married fifteen years, having borne four children to an attractive and ostensibly suitable young doctor. It is all very well to pursue one's happiness—the Declaration of Independence ratifies that endeavor. But to do so by aggressing against the happiness of others who had pledged themselves to each other, and who had issue born out of that pledge is, to this eager group of observers, something else again, something amounting to a kind of selfish hedonism that is not a part of American tradition. The man who finally divorces his wife because he simply cannot stand her, or vice versa, is different from the man who divorces his wife because a fresher article comes along. Those are differences of a poliltical magnitude which the politicians seem to believe will not be lost on what may be a crucial margin of the electorate; and so it is well to recognize the facts, and speak the truth about them.

My Favorites

Ambassador George F. Kennan's intention to resign his Belgrade post will deprive the nation's diplomatic corps of one of its ablest men.

New York Times

Although I've never had a thing
For Liz, or Paris in the spring,
There *are* some items over which
My ganglia adore to twitch.
To wit: New York on Sundays (when
Exhaust's replaced by oxygen);
Dried apricots; the friendly ooze
Which carpets Barnegat; and booze!
I go for boats with weather helms;
I bleed for all our sickly elms;
I cotton to a lonely cat;
I love Our Leader—on the mat.
But no anticipation quite
Excels the satisfying sight
Of reading in the *Times* about
Their pique, when Kennan's clique is out.

W. H. VON DREELE

Gold Talk

In 1962 the U.S. deficit in international payments was $2.2 billion, which was financed by selling $890 million of gold and issuing notes of indebtedness for the balance, of which $445 million was short-term (in 1961, short-term obligations *decreased* by $52 million). The U.S. payments deficit will increase to about $3 billion this year, according to official estimates, and whether it is financed by gold or debt it will increase the strain of international monetary systems.

For the United States barely has $3 billion of gold to use for international payments without incurring severe penalties under the law, and if it issues IOUs instead, it further decreases the reserve ratios of foreign central banks. (In 1962, Canada added $700 million to its foreign exchange holdings while its gold reserve declined by $240 million.) In this grave situation the Administration has persuaded foreign central banks to abandon the practice of small, regular withdrawals of U.S. gold; weeks go by, while U.S. obligations pile up, and no change in U.S. gold holdings is reported. Then every two or three months we pay the piper. The next U.S. gold payment is due soon. How big that payment is, and to whom it is paid,

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will indicate how much time remains to an Administration that seeks to live off the credit of its neighbors.

Or, to shore up the dollar, maybe we'll arm the enemy. President Kennedy said last January, "We must keep a surplus of strategic goods. But the stockpile we have acquired for some $8.5 billion greatly exceeds our needs. The Administration should, therefore, be permitted to sell any surplus in a manner that will not disturb the markets." On January 30 an article by Julius Epstein in *Der Spiegel* held that President Kennedy had decided to try to get Congress to authorize the sale of strategic materials to the Soviets: aluminum, chrome ore, nickel, lead, manganese, industrial diamonds, cobalt. The Office of Emergency Planning says $4 or $5 billion of strategic materials could be sold without danger to U.S. security. Kennedy's proposals include the requirement that the Soviets pay the U.S. in gold. Gold to the tune of $4 or $5 billion would stave off the monetary crisis at the risk of inviting military disadvantage. If such an interpretation is valid, it shows to what lengths the Administration may go to avoid the politically unpleasant medicine of sound policy in economic and monetary matters.

THE RECORD
"THERE SEEMS NO INHERENT OBSTACLE TO THE GRADUAL ADVANCE OF SOCIALISM IN THE U.S. THROUGH A SERIES OF NEW DEALS."
"GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP AND CONTROL CAN TAKE MANY FORMS. THE INDEPENDENT PUBLIC CORPORATION, ON THE MANNER OF TVA, IS ONE."
"SOCIALISM, THEN, APPEARS QUITE PRACTICABLE WITHIN THIS FRAME OF REFERENCE."
"THE ACTIVE AGENTS IN EFFECTING THE TRANSITION WILL PROBABLY BE, NOT THE WORKING CLASS, BUT SOME COMBINATION OF LAWYERS, BUSINESS AND LABOR MANAGERS, POLITICIANS AND INTELLECTUALS IN THE MANNER OF THE FIRST NEW DEAL, OR OF THE LABOR MOVEMENT IN BRITAIN."
"WE POSSESS THE MACHINERY FOR SETTING NATIONAL PRIORITIES."
"WE HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO USE THIS MACHINERY IN A BOLD AND PURPOSEFUL WAY."
— ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.
ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR. CLOSE PRESIDENTIAL ADVISOR

"If you think I'll make a *dent* in the public's apathetic hide, forget it. Don't you know that confronting a high government official with his past utterances violates the doctrine of Innocence by Eminence, and that socialism is as American as blueberry pie?"

Good Show, Post

It's not often that a newspaper admits openly and honestly that it was wrong, but the *Washington Post* had the courage to do so some weeks ago when it tendered an unequivocal apology to Francis J. McNamara, director of the House Committee on Un-American Activities.

On February 28, Frank McNamara spoke to a YAF group in Washington. In the course of his speech he said that the strength of the Communist Party in the United States could not be measured by its current 10,000 members. For instance, said McNamara, there are about 250,000 subscribers to various Communist and foreign language pro-Soviet, Communist-front and Party-line publications in the United States. If you allow three readers to every subscriber (as Madison Avenue does) you get 700,000 to 800,000 Americans who read Soviet-line publications.

The following morning the *Post* carried a front-page story with the headline: "700,000 Reds Believed in U.S."

Its lead paragraph read: "Francis J. McNamara, staff director of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, said last night that there was reason to believe there are 700,000 to 800,000 Communists in the United States."

Chairman Vernon Holleman of the YAF group McNamara had addressed protested the story in a letter to the *Post* March 4. The letter was ignored and two days later, March 6, the *Post* further complicated the situation by publishing a snotty editorial entitled "Seeing Reds."

Several other YAFers thereupon wrote the *Post* in protest. That afternoon, the *Post* phoned Holleman. Was it true that he had written the *Post* a letter? A day later, Holleman was informed that his letter was now on the desk of Managing Editor Al Friendly. On March 8, Alan Barth, chief editorial writer of the *Post,* called McNamara and apologized profusely. Three days later, on March 11, the *Post* came clean in an editorial "Seeing Red Faces," which outlined the sequence of events mentioning both the inaccurate news story and the editorial and concluded: "We genuinely regret the imputation and the derisory tone of our editorial comment concerning it, and we tender to Mr. McNamara an unequivocal apology."

History Management

Three years ago NBC broadcast a two-part television saga by Reginald Rose on Sacco and Vanzetti so unctuously pro S-V, and so egregiously unfair to the dozens of persons involved in apprehending, prosecuting, judging, reviewing, and finally executing the men, that even many fiery partisans of their innocence could not sit through the travesty without disgust. The production was gratefully forgotten by those who had a hand in its initial distribution, and in the ensuing two years two highly important books were

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published largely vindicating the view that, where Sacco and Vanzetti were involved, justice had in fact been done.

Now we learn that the Rose production will be shown over Station WDR in Hamburg, Germany in July, and apparently under the auspices of the U.S. Information Service! It would take a devilishly gifted man to put together a two-hour program more devastatingly anti-American than Mr. Rose's. Mr. Edward R. Murrow may have been correct when he said three years ago to the Senate committee considering his nomination as head of USIA that he was prepared to show all of America, even its warts, to the outside world. But it is none of our obligation to expose ourselves as guilty of dreadful sins we never intended, and never committed.

A Tribute to Charles Edison

On May 2 the Grand Ballroom of the Hotel Plaza in New York City glittered with an assembly of conservatives and their friends, and all had come to do honor to Charles A. Edison, former governor of New Jersey, former Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and perennial friend of young conservatives and their anciently young allegiances.

No man can live a life of dedication to a firm ideal without meeting disagreement, and most men allow disagreement to degenerate into enmity. But Governor Edison's unfailing grace, inexhaustible compassion, and gentle humor, have proven over the years to be as irresistible as they are unyielding. It was not solely because Governor Edison of New Jersey had been a Democrat that James A. Farley came to add his honorable applause to a host of eminent men and women whose combined bravo would have overwhelmed a less humble man than Guv. Listen to him as he accepts the standing ovation:

"Although you all do me great honor by taking the time to gather here tonight, I truly believe it is not I who am honored. Rather it is all of us—the gentlemen whom you have heard from tonight—all of those gracing this dais—all of you at the tables and many thousands more around the country. We are in effect honoring all Americans who see fit to step forward and be counted on various problems which concern the future of our nation. . . ."

And you're euchred again. You try to praise him, and with the most graceful sidestep he joins you in praising someone else, and next thing you know he's got you seriously thinking about what next to do for the good future of the United States.

But we must disagree. It is precisely for such things as this that his thousands of friends have sought to honor him, and will continue to honor him.

For the Record

Wall Street doubts Richard Nixon will do anything to oppose Presidential ambitions of Nelson Rockefeller (such as they have become) since Nixon's new firm, Mudge, Stern, Baldwin and Todd, does considerable business for Rockefeller-controlled Chase Bank. . . . Atlanta Constitution poll of Southern state GOP chairmen indicates Goldwater would get 250 of 305 delegate votes if nominating convention were held now. Poll also showed Scranton, Romney, running ahead of Rocky with Southerners. . . . Louisiana conservatives already working on organization of Dixie-wide slate of "free electors" should the Presidential choice next year be between two Liberal candidates. . . . New York conservatives believe they now know why Rockefeller proposed hike in almost all state fees except marriage licenses.

Among refugees arriving from Havana on ransom ship American Surveyor was number two man in Castro's G-2. He was nabbed at the gangplank. . . . Question: If we are not going to pull out of Guantanamo, why all the stories about possible alternate bases in Jamaica, Puerto Rico? . . . In spite of solemn promises to U.S. to clamp down on inflationary pressures, Brazilian government probably will okay 60 per cent pay raise for civil servants. . . . Capitol Hill up in arms over Administration acknowledgement that it is giving Sukarno $19.7 million in emergency funds in order (get this) to "woo" him from the Communist bloc. . . . Bad news for Mao Tse-tung, forthcoming state visit of Thai King and Queen to Taiwan. (Thailand and Free China forging closer economic, military ties since Red threat to Thailand has been heightened through collapsing neutralist government in Laos.)

Senate cloakroom talk is that minority leader Everett Dirksen will step down shortly to be replaced by Sen. Roman Hruska. . . . Sen. Mundt urging passage of original Freedom Academy bill (S. 414) rather than State Department version (S. 865) which would set up National Academy of Foreign Affairs.

More than irate: Sir Robert Watson-Watt at being picked up for speeding by Canadian police radar unit. He invented radar.

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Dark Doings

At Berkeley, California for several years now a hard-boiled anti-Communist newsletter called *Tocsin* has been published, supplying accurate and invaluable information on the machinations of the Communists, the fellow travelers, and their friends in the Bay Area, and elsewhere.

Tocsin has had difficulties in the past from representatives of the left wing, which is as one would expect. These it has survived. But now it finds itself fighting for its life because of outrageous whispering campaigns against it initiated by two or three right-wing cranks who cannot believe that anyone is truly anti-Communist who does not live with them in the fever swamps and prate there against The Jews and The Conspiracy. The revenues of *Tocsin* have fallen by a perilous two-thirds, and the brave man who edits it, Mr. Charles Fox, spends and exhausts himself answering, and trying to cope with, his assailants on the so-called Right. It is said that the cranks in question are members of the John Birch Society and have organized the character assassination of Mr. Fox, and that some of them appear to rest their case upon the charge that—need one say more?—he is a Jew. (As a matter of fact, he isn't: he is a Baptist.) If this is so, there is every reason to believe that the local assailants have acted without the authority of Mr. Robert Welch, who does not countenance anti-Semitism, and of John Rousselot, former congressman, who is now the principal official of the John Birch Society in California. It is Mr. Rousselot's responsibility to check those whose activities are blackening his name, his Society, and the anti-Communist cause in that area, and we are addressing Mr. Rousselot, whose activities we have frequently applauded in NATIONAL REVIEW, to urge his intercession. Meanwhile, give Mr. Fox a hand.

The address is 2490 Channing Way, Berkeley 4, California, and a subscription to the weekly is $5.00 for six months, $10 per year.

Joseph Zack Kornfeder, RIP

Zack Kornfeder was not widely known in the anti-Communist community, although he contributed substantially to whatever purpose it has. He was, like so many of the more important anti-Communists, himself at one time a part of the infernal host.

He was born in Slovakia, in 1897, came to this country in 1916, as a socialist, and joined the founders of the Communist Party USA in 1919. For five years he was a member of its Central Committee. In 1928 he was sent to Moscow where, for three years, he attended the International Lenin University, learning everything from how to answer the arguments of the Trotskyite deviationists to how to make a Molotov cocktail—or whatever it was called in those days. He defected in 1934 and devoted himself to fighting what he had come to know as the true enemy of humanity.

His distinctive contribution was an extraordinarily gifted strategic sense. He knew the uses of *strategy*—and so always resisted the lure of factionalism in order to keep his eyes dead on the target—and how to persuade his comrades to make effective common cause. He did the earliest and most valuable work in translating the meaning of the Communist peace offensive, an analysis which, unfortunately, the President obviously hasn't read. As recently as last year he published, with Professor William Kintner, *The New Frontier of War*, a treatise on Soviet political warfare. As recently as a month ago he wrote a penetrating analysis of the Sino-Soviet split for Arthur McDowell's Council on Communist Aggression.

In many respects he was, like so many ex-Communists, utterly single-minded; he never let up, and every cup of tea he drank was related either to revolutionary or anti-revolutionary business. But his heart was exceedingly kind, and his strategic mind extraordinary. The anti-Communist community has suffered a grievous loss.

IN THE NEXT ISSUE

WHAT ABOUT THE MOSCOW-PEIPING SPLIT?
by Jules Monnerot

THE CONSUMER: MR. UNINFLUENTIAL
by William H. Peterson

Notes and Asides

Our Renaissance Man Rides Again

It is our recurring pleasure to announce that Mr. Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn will lecture across the United States again this fall, beginning early in September on the Eastern Seaboard, and working slowly across country, ending in California in December. He lectures brilliantly on every topic under the sun, and has never failed to charm and edify his audience. His English is like that of a native, only better. Arrange, if you can, to hear him. His address is, simply, Lans, Tyrol, Austria. Don't let the salutation floor you. After years of research we have learned the proper form. It is, simply, "Dear Herr Kuehnelt."

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On the Right

Birmingham and After

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

The Constitution says quite plainly that people shall have the right to assemble peaceably to protest whatever they choose. That right has been denied in Birmingham, Alabama. *Ipso facto,* the conclusion-jumpers rule, the authorities in Alabama are guilty.

Buckley

But the question is prudential. The right to peaceable assembly does not rank above the need for public order. Two years ago George Lincoln Rockwell and his Nazi cretins advised the authorities in New York City that they intended to demonstrate on the first of May. Mayor Wagner, anticipating chaos, forbade them a license. He did not question that it was the Nazis' intention to demonstrate peaceably. He doubted rather that the community would permit them to do so. His ban holds to this day; and is sanctioned by the majority of sober New Yorkers, who very well know that if a bunch of Jew-eating maniacs parade around New York, somebody is going to get hurt.

If I may say so, unlike Voltaire I would myself not be prepared to die for the right of a Rockwell to exercise his malevolent lunacies in Union Square; and of course Martin Luther King is a creature of an entirely different world. But we speak here not about the objective differences between the policies of the two parties who have been denied the right to organize public protests, but rather about the prudently predictable reaction by the public (whether of Manhattan or Birmingham) in whose midst they plan to demonstrate.

What triggered the Birmingham demonstrations was nothing less than the murder, under the foulest circumstances, of a *single* demonstrator, the tragic postman William Moore who, while walking down a road carrying placards urging racial reconciliation, was shot dead. If a single man could so arouse the beast in another man, what might a hundred men, demonstrating for the same objective, end up doing to the peace which the law says must not be breached?

The most immediate responsibility of the local authorities, however, is to protect the right of those who wish to exercise their constitutional freedom, in this case the right to protest publicly. After at least one of the recent collisions in Alabama the demonstrators were arrested rather than the anti-demonstrators, when there appeared to be no reason related to the public order for doing so. But on other occasions it was different. It is by no means clear that, on the day he arrested 700 demonstrators in Birmingham, the sheriff had any other choice open to him. The climate then had grown tense beyond the reasonable confidence of the police to control; tense as it would have been in Lower New York if men wearing swastikas had begun to parade about Union Square. And so he elected to arrest the demonstrators (who had declined to disband), rather than the overwhelming body of Birmingham's citizens, who had encircled them.

What we need to ponder is why the Southern community, made up as it is of men and women who share our history, speak our language, fight under the same flag, see the same movies and read the same books—why they are as hostile to these demonstrators as New Yorkers are to Rockwell.

It is because they feel that the demonstrators have their eyes on the jugular vein of Southern life. Whatever "Southern life" is, and there are many disputes about its meaning, that life calls for the management of the South's destiny, at least for the time being, by the white majority. The typical Southerner sees the demonstrators as agents of forces determined to break down the public order. And appeals to the South to abide by the law have lost much of their authority. Remember that the demands of the demonstrators—primarily the immediate integration of public schools—are backed, as the Southerners see it, by an act of judicial tortuousness (*Brown* v. *Board of Education*) which their own jurists continue to denounce as a venture in sociological jurisprudence, utterly unrelated to the Constitution the South grew up swearing allegiance to.

That is why the Southerners lash out with sticks and stones—not because, as human beings, they are capable of greater meanness than the people of Detroit, or New York, or Chicago. And it does not escape the South's attention that the North, in involving itself in the Negro problem, is capable of lionizing a James Baldwin, who assails the very core of Western life—Christian idealism; or that the non-violent holy man Martin Luther King can identify himself so closely with so pronounced and cynical a racist as Adam Clayton Powell Jr. and fraternize with a terrorist like Ben Bella. The South has reasons to be deeply distressed, and the externalization of deep distress takes ugly forms.

We need to say now to the South: "Whatever you believe the Constitution says about integration, you never fancied, or had any right to, that the Bill of Rights was not an unambiguous part of it. You have an obligation then to protect the right to peaceable demonstrations. Continued failures to do so will as a matter of hard political fact have the effect of easing over into the hands of a strong Federal Government, whose symbol is the paratrooper with bayonet, a greater and greater role in the evolution of Southern affairs. This would hardly be in your interest, but is inevitable if you continue to deny undeniable rights."

The Southerners, we are always being tempted to feel, are a special breed of inferior men, sort of a morally depressed area, in need of massive transfusions of Yankee moralism. If we give in to that temptation, we guarantee only that the misunderstandings will deepen, that the dialogue between the best people here and there will wither, and at the end will come a terrible dumb silence, followed by chaos.

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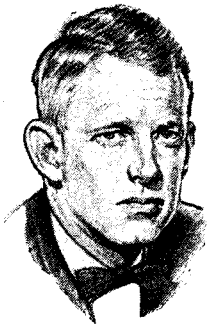
National Trends

Watch Out for the Subverters!

L. BRENT BOZELL

The first alarm was sounded three weeks ago. Within less than three months, the *New York Times* disclosed on page 1, ten state legislatures had "quietly approved"a constitutional amendment that would overturn the Supreme Court's decision in *Baker* v. *Carr* and restore to the states control over the apportionment of their legislative districts. Nor was that all. Another amendment that would allow the state legislatures to amend the Constitution on their own—without the concurrence, that is, of Congress or of ratifying conventions—had also gotten by ten states; and still another, a proposal to give final authority for resolving federal-state conflicts to a new "Court of the Union" composed of the fifty state Chief Justices, had been endorsed by two legislatures. Worse still, it wasn't easy to dismiss the campaign as one of those Southern things: only two states among the early endorsers were from that area. Nor as merely a backwoods affair—as witness that some of the most enthusiastic sponsors of the apportionment amendment were products of urban areas. The moment had come, in other words, for men of good will to bestir themselves, and accordingly the *Times* worked into its story the considered judgment of the Yale Law School's Professor Charles Black that the nation was confronted with a "subversive" attack on the very foundations of its political system. Elsewhere, there were doubts over whether the panic button was really the best way of handling the situation. What? asked the *Washington Post* a few days later. Only *ten* states in *three whole months?* All it had proved, the *Post* sniffed, was what bad shape the "die-hards" were in.



Bozell

Well, since then, two more states have signed up on the apportionment amendment—the list now shows Arkansas, Idaho, Kansas, Missouri, Montana, Nevada, Oklahoma, South Carolina, South Dakota, Utah, Washington, Wyoming (also one house of the New Jersey legislature)—and under the circumstances, it is not surprising that the *Times'* Paul Revere strategy, rather than the *Post's*, is starting to take over. The Justice Department, for instance, decided to mobilize last week and dispatched Deputy Attorney General Joseph Dolan to a Bar Association dinner at Utica, New York, to help expose the menace under the Kennedy Administration's *imprimatur*. How many people realized, Mr. Dolan wondered, that under the apportionment amendment "one state might choose to redistrict its legislature so that only real property owners might vote"? Or that "another state might choose to take the right to vote away from the Negro"? Lawyers, Dolan went on pleasantly, "have the primary obligation to inform the public in matters like this."

So, undoubtedly, they do. And undoubtedly some of them, as the debate developed, would feel the urge to make Lawyer Dolan eat his red herrings. A state's power to impose property qualifications on its voters has, of course, never been questioned, not even by the current Supreme Court. Indeed, such restrictions were once a prominent feature of American politics. But the real point is that no state legislature today wants to confine the franchise to "real property owners"—really!—and besides, if it did, legislative redistricting manifestly does not lend itself to the purpose. As for the Negro vote, it is true the redistricting device is technically relevant, but it is also true that the 15th Amendment forbids that kind of thing when the apportionment can be shown to have been racially motivated. Mr. Dolan should not have to be told that this protection for the Negro was affirmed by the Supreme Court (in the *Gomillion* case) *before* the Court launched its general war against state control over apportionment in *Baker* v. *Carr,* and thus presumably stands as good law quite apart from the controversy provoked by *Baker*. But if there is any doubt about this, it would be no problem to qualify the proposed new amendment by making clear that the Fifteenth Amendment is not meant to be superseded.

But the root issue raised by the apportionment amendment and the *Baker* case is whether the Supreme Court will be allowed to get away with its bid to impose egalitarian doctrine on the American election system. The point that lawyers supporting the amendment intend to make clear is that it is not *they* who are proposing a "constitutional revolution" by seeking to restore the *status quo ante Baker;* but rather the Supreme Court which pretty plainly views the *Baker* case as a step in the process of making itself the Grand Supervisor of American Elections. The Court was able to claim the jurisdiction it did in the *Baker* case only by reading into the equal protection clause of the 14th Amendment a meaning that no historian would ever attribute to the clause's framers; and then, having invoked "equal protection," by defying the very standards the courts have traditionally summoned for interpreting that concept. Whatever else may be said of an attempt to weight an electoral system in favor of rural areas, it is not "arbitrary" or "irrational" in the legal meaning of those terms.

While it may not be the fairest turn of the wheel that the restorers of the Constitution must now resort to the arduous amendment process to achieve their goal, they ought at least to be relieved in the days ahead of the charge of "subversion."

God and Mammon

The court decrees—and bow we must
Despite the fire of Churchmen's choler—
No prayer to God is right or just
In public schools for every scholar.
Yet what about "In God We Trust"
On every 46¢ dollar?

Corinna Marsh

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Letter from Kentucky

Hello, Happy Chandler!

JACK SELLERS

One of the most remarkable controversies in Kentucky's political history has arisen in connection with a meeting between President Kennedy and Democratic gubernatorial candidate, A. B. (Happy) Chandler. It centered on whether the President had said more than just hello to the former Kentucky Governor, U.S. Senator and Baseball Commissioner.

For three days the controversy raged throughout the state. The irrespressible Chandler, now seeking the governorship for the third time in 28 years, stuck to his story that he had conferred with his "old friend" the President "for at least 30 minutes, probably more." But Presidential press secretary Pierre Salinger had said, shortly after the meeting, that Chandler had merely been on a tour of the west wing of the White House and that the President had "popped out just to say hello."

The *Courier-Journal* and the *Louisville Times* jumped on the story like a couple of delighted bulldogs. A sturdy lion had been reduced to a pussy cat. *Courier-Journal* cartoonist Hugh Haynie depicted Chandler as a Cheshire cat with a bandaged tail:

> Chessie cat, chessie cat, where have you been?
> I've been to the White House to see my fren'!
> Chessie cat, chessie cat, what did you there?
> I caught my tale (cq) in the rocking-chair.

Kentuckians were already a little upset because the President had not seen fit to talk with Gov. Bert Combs a few days earlier. The Governor had gone to Washington to seek aid for the state's flooded areas. A gentleman from Hell For Certain, Ky., reported in a letter to the *Louisville Times* that he was "hurt" when he learned that "our chief executive was too occupied with the King of Morocco to see our Governor." Now, it seemed, the President was too busy to say much more than hello to Chandler. But mostly there was unsuppressed delight in the widely-held assumption that Kentucky's most colorful politician had indeed caught his "tale" in the rocking-chair of controversy.

On Tuesday, the day after the Chandler-Kennedy meeting, which by that time had almost become an "alleged" one, Chandler held a press conference in Frankfort and gave a painfully detailed account of his visit with President Kennedy.

Chessie Cat in Conference

"I have been there many times," he said. "I have been going there since Mr. Coolidge was President. So it's not new to me. We went up on the porch, all six of us, and a heavy-set man met us and escorted us into the Cabinet Room. We went in. We had not been there more than a minute when Mr. Kenneth O'Donnell [Presidential appointments secretary] came in and showed us into Mrs. Evelyn Lincoln's office [the President's personal secretary]."

From there, Chandler and his party were escorted into the President's office. The President "sat in his rocker, and he has double settees, one on either side for his guests. The six of us sat on them, and I was next to him. My guess is that we talked about 30 minutes, a little more or a little less. . . . Later I broke off the conference. I thought we had stayed long enough, and I didn't want to impose on his time. But he got up and walked with us through Mrs. Lincoln's office and through the Cabinet Room, and he personally got my hat and coat off the rack just outside the door. Then he walked with us to our cars, in a light rain. He walked out on the porch, down the side and down the walk. He was bareheaded and without a coat. We made our adieus there and said goodbye, and he walked back up on the porch and waved to us."

But this detailed recital did little to stem the Kentucky tide of amused scepticism. Appointments secretary O'Donnell had backed up Salinger's report that little more than hello had been said. And Salinger himself had retreated to a noncommittal position after the first day.

Salinger and O'Donnell, Chandler said at the press conference, "are strangers to me, pardner, and if that's the way they conduct themselves, I don't want to get intimate with them. My acquaintanceship with them is long enough now."

Until the third day, the affair belonged entirely to Kentuckians, as sort of a sideshow to the May 28 primary elections campaign. But that evening, at the President's televised press conference, Robert L. Riggs of the *Courier-Journal & Times* Washington bureau made use of several minutes of the nation's time to pose Kentucky's burning question.

"We have a brand new issue in Kentucky in the Democratic primary," Riggs told President Kennedy and millions of TV-viewers. "The question is: How much time former Gov. Chandler spent with you on Monday. Mr. Salinger and Mr. O'Donnell said Chandler was there, that you popped out and shook his hand. When Mr. Chandler got back to Kentucky he said he spent a half hour with you. He said Mr. Salinger has stopped managing the news and is now not telling the truth. Can you tell us how much time you spent with Mr. Chandler?"

Salinger, sitting on the platform in the State Department auditorium, joined the President and reporters in laughter. The President ducked nicely telling Riggs—and millions of TV-viewers:

"Gov. Chandler called up and talked to, I think, Mr. O'Donnell on Monday morning. Said he was in town and he was there with his wife and two sons and his granddaughter and would like to pay a friendly call. And I was glad to see the former Governor and Senator and one whom I have known for a good many years. So I was delighted to have him by and wouldn't possibly clock him."

And there the controversy rests. Or does it? Kentuckians are sure to hear more from Happy Chandler. As he has said often, "I've been farther up a tree than most people have gotten away from home."

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The Third World War

Opening for the Left

JAMES BURNHAM

Rome

On April 28/29 the Italian Communist Party got more votes than any Communist Party has ever received in a free election anywhere in the world. Seven and three-quarter million Italians—25.3 per cent of the electorate, and a million more than in 1958—voted for a party that has been consistently orthodox in its adherence to the Communist program and unswerving in its open allegiance to an alien power.

Italy's major party, the Democratic Christian, that has governed the country since the war, lost a million and a quarter votes, and dropped its percentage to 38.3.

Nenni's Socialist Party (PSI) had a small decline from 14.2 to 13.8 per cent. The PSI, though the parliamentary partner of the DC in the opening to the Left, is an orthodox Marxian party. Until the deal with the DC that brought about the opening, it was in formal alliance with the Communists; and most of its local organizations have continued that alliance.

Marxism Prevails

Thus—disregarding the right-wing Saragat Socialists (PSDI), whose Marxism has been diluted with Liberalism in the British and German manner—the two major formations in Italian politics are now the Marxian wing and the Democristian center; and the Marxists now overweigh the DC by 39.1 per cent to 38.3 per cent. The PSDI gained more than half a million votes in this election, raising its percentage to 6.1. If we include this in the Marxian wing, its total becomes 45.2 per cent. Marxism is now the prevailing tendency in Italy.

On the Right, the Liberal Party (PLI)—a conservative, pro-capitalist party, concentrating rather narrowly on economic issues—gained 1.1 million votes, more than doubling its total and raising its percentage from 3.5 to 7.0. At the same time the Monarchists, who had received a million and a half votes (4.8 per cent) in 1958, were reduced to a half-million. The inaccurately termed neo-fascists made a small gain, to 5.1 per cent.

Thus, though there were internal shifts in the Right and an increased concentration that will give it somewhat more political weight, the Right as a whole made only a negligible advance. (It should be noted that, in spite of the arithmetic appearance, the Liberals did draw from the Democristian right wing, which opposes the opening to the Left. Many former Monarchist supporters—the lumpenproletariat of the southern cities—swung not to a party of the Right but to the Communists.)

In sum, then: the April 28/29 election was an unequivocal defeat for the Fanfani government and the Fanfani-Moro policy of the opening to the Left. "Its hard reality," as Rome's leading paper, *Il Tempo*, concluded on May 3, is "the advance of the Communist Party."

Organizationally the opening meant a coalition of the DC (the Center) with the Communist-entangled Nenni Socialists (with the Saragat Socialists plus the tiny Republican Party tossed in for good measure). Programmatically, it meant a left-wing "social policy" taken over from the Marxian parties.

The proponents of the opening argued that it would "isolate the Communists" and provide Italy with a stable government. In the event it has given the Communists an unprecedented victory and guaranteed governmental instability. By joining hands with Communism's allies of the PSI and adopting important elements of the Communist program, the opening merely served to make the Communists respectable; not to isolate them from, but to integrate them within, Italian society; "to create an atmosphere," commented *Il Tempo*, "in which the Communists can breathe freely. . . . The entire strategy and propaganda of the Democristians' deepening leftism during these past five years has served above all to fumigate the dirty clothes of the Communist Party."

This process was powerfully reinforced by the policy of the Vatican, culminating in the new encyclical *Pacem in Terris*. The Vatican threw its support to the opening. It dropped the uncompromising attack on Marxism conducted throughout the 1948, 1953 and 1958 elections, which had gone so far as to threaten automatic excommunication of anyone voting for the Communist Party or even "a Marxian party." *Pacem in Terris* ignores the sins and crimes of Communism in summoning all men to a common pursuit of peace. The Vatican's policy, perhaps more than any other single factor, helped to *legitimize* the Communists.

Also-Rans

An astute Italian put it to me this way: "Italian wives are notoriously more religious than their husbands. In previous elections there were thousands of households where the husband voted Communist but the wife Democristian. Then came *Pacem in Terris*. The husband said to his wife: 'You see, it's what I told you all along. The Communists are like the rest of us, not such devils at all. Now the Holy Father himself tells you so.' And the wife, her conscience at rest, also voted for Togliatti."

So the policy of the Vatican, too, suffered a sharp defeat—was repudiated—in this election. It does not end there, for the opening to the Left is also John F. Kennedy's policy, and Kennedy is among the April 28/29 losers. The opening has been his policy in a double sense. He has gone out of his way to show his support of the Italian opening specifically, and of Fanfani, whom he feted in Washington a few months ago. But, more important, the Kennedy policy is itself that of the opening to the Left—everywhere, in Laos as in Britain, in Brazil and the Congo as in the United States.

The key lesson of this Italian election is simply this: that the opening *to* the Left is in reality an opening *for* the Left; that the beneficiaries of the tactic of the opening, wherever it takes place, can only be the Communists.

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Foreign Aid: Success or Failure?

Failure, concludes the author, who has spent years studying the program. He finds it ill-conceived, badly executed, unrealistic and expensive

OTTO E. PASSMAN

My contention is that foreign aid is a complete and dismal failure, and I shall briefly outline here some of the reasons I think this is so.

During all history, there have been poor nations and rich nations, and various types of "isms," such as exist today. Our own country, which started as a poor nation, became great and free and respected because, among other basic reasons, of individual initiative, hard work and high integrity; and because, also, we pursued the course suggested by our Founding Fathers, and had a firm but fair foreign policy substantially based upon trade. But today as is becoming increasingly clear, we are resorting to a concept bordering on appeasement, giving away our wealth in a misguided and futile effort to "buy" friends to accomplish the objectives which made us strong and wealthy and free in the first place. We are trying to make the dollar do what it was never intended to do, and making a miserable mess in the effort.

The so-called "Mutual Security" part of our aid abroad for this fiscal year, as presented to Congress, covers economic assistance for at least 73 nations and seven British or Dutch territories or possessions and military assistance to at least 58 nations. Overall, it has been determined that 101 of the other 112 nations of the world have been, are, or will be recipients of assistance from the United States since the end of World War II. Including all categories of aid (Mutual Security, U.S. assistance through international organizations, overseas military construction) and counting the interest on the money we have borrowed to give away—the cost to our country of this postwar aid has amounted to more than $120 billion.

Through the years, this uncontrolled—and in its existing form and scope, uncontrollable — worldwide spending program has become an ever more serious threat to the U.S. dollar and to our country's gold reserves. Our dangerous balance of payments problem has developed in large part as a result of foreign aid.

It is generally recognized that all nations, both old and new, earn dollars or other convertible currency from their exports. But, when nations are credited with foreign-aid dollars against which they can place orders for goods and services, the invoices for these goods and services are then sent to the U.S. Treasury for payment —from the taxpayers' till—rather than to the government which received the shipment. In normal commercial practice when the United States sells a nation goods or services, the U.S. receives something in return—dollars, gold, or goods and services. Under the foreign-aid program, however, it is a one-way street —the goods or service go out, the

U.S. Treasury pays the bill, and the U.S. receives nothing of a tangible commercial nature in return.

A program such as this can only be a drain on either an individual's or a nation's resources. This statement is borne out by the outflow of gold from the United States in the past ten years, as well as by the increase in foreign dollar holdings during the same period.

So great, in fact, has been America's outpouring of wealth to foreign nations that many of them have accumulated dollars far in excess of their needs for commerce. Consequently, they have demanded gold in exchange for the dollars, and since 1952 have reduced our gold reserves from in excess of $23 billion to less than $16 billion. Furthermore, as of today, they also hold short-term dollar assets amounting to $23 billion-plus for which they can demand gold. If such a demand should be made the United States could not meet it, but would fall short by about $20 billion in the amount of gold needed to fulfill those claims and maintain the reserve that is required to support our own currency.

Substitute for Self-Help

Foreign aid also has created a pattern of international charity out of the dollar—inculcating the belief in less-favored nations that the United States is morally, and as a matter of principle and duty, responsible for bringing the world up to our standard of living and freedom with our taxpayers' money. While we are bleeding our own citizens with burdensome taxation in order to give to others, the majority of the aid-recipient countries do not and will not tax their own people at rates even remotely close to the U.S. rates to assist in bringing about the improved standards which we say we are trying to help them attain.

However, we either largely ignore or sweep under the rug the fact that our aid is treated rather generally by recipients as a substitute for internal initiative and effort, or that in many cases our aid cannot be effectively utilized. As a result of this fiscally irresponsible action, our annual budget deficits increase, and our public debt—already exceeding by $23 billion the combined public debts of all the other nations of the world— continues to rise at an alarming rate. Our free-enterprise system has not been able to produce enough profits to pay for our foreign aid so we are

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having to borrow the money to meet these expenditures, without any plan or suggestion as to when, if ever, this money is to be repaid.

The aid program has become not only an added tax to our producers, but a bountiful subsidy to our foreign competitors. It not only rapidly depletes our own wealth and resources, it has also been a primary reason for our ever-increasing noncompetitive position in world markets. Our prices are now so high that we cannot compete successfully in world trade without the Federal Government subsidizing our exports by as much as 28 per cent; and even with the subsidies, our trade balance is steadily dwindling .

Not only is our foreign-aid program literally shot through with waste, extravagance, foolish planning, unsound operations, and ineffective results—of which there is abundant evidence—but it has contributed to and fostered widespread misuse of aid dollars on the part of innumerable people in recipient countries, in many instances serving to make the rich even richer and the poor even poorer.

Unquestionably, the program has been the cause of much envy and resentment abroad—directed not only toward America, the donor, but among various recipient countries as well. Also, it has led to some questions as to our ability effectively to operate our own economic and monetary systems.

Shortcomings Stated

Briefly stated, here are a few of the more readily evident shortcomings of the operation, or administration, of our foreign aid:

—The absence of adequate advance planning in the past, in the form of technical and financial plans, and the failure to reach definitive understandings with recipient countries on essential project elements, have led to overprogramming and premature obligations. Lack of foresight has also frequently resulted in delays in the execution of project aid and in increased costs.

—In several countries, the official exchange rates used by the U.S. Government have substantially overvalued the local currencies. The use of such rates has unduly increased the dollar cost of our aid; and also, in some of the countries, the use of these unrealistic exchange rates has resulted in windfall profits to the importers of the country and provided incentives for speculation and irregular practices.

—There has been dispersal of assistance efforts over too wide an area and too large a number of projects in individual countries.

—There has been an inadequacy of qualified personnel and an oversupply of unqualified, or poorly qualified, personnel; of impractical theorists, at all levels of the program, who have never worked in free enterprise, who have never met a free-enterprise payroll or created a free-enterprise job.

—Deficient property management is widespread.

—In the military program, the objectives have not been sufficiently clarified so as to distinguish between forces which are justifiable on the basis of military roles and missions and those which are equipped and maintained for other than military considerations.

—Substantial quantities of material have been delivered which are, and will be, in excess of recipient countries' needs or capabilities to utilize.

On and on, such a summary could be continued—such as:

Many nations, including those which are newly independent, seek prestige by building huge dams, steel mills, superhighways, and national airlines, all of which are financed by the U.S. taxpayer. As a result, the U.S. aid agency—now the Agency for International Development (AID), prior to this the International Cooperation Administration (ICA), and prior to that another name, with a multiplicity of different designations since the beginning—has agreed to far too many requests for such projects. Entirely too much emphasis has been placed on meeting personal desires of political leaders of recipient governments or in carrying out the unsound schemes of our own people; and too little emphasis has been given to commonsense thought and action.

Documentation of these charges can be had by the hundreds, and many of them are chronicled in detail in the thousands of pages of the record of the hearings of the House Subcommittee on Foreign Operations Appropriations (which it is my privilege to serve as chairman). Such things as these:

—Six hundred technical aid projects in one country, and more ready to be started before completion of the existing ones.

—A highway in Vietnam on which the costs skyrocketed from an original estimate of $18 million to more than $129 million before completion.

—A fertilizer plant in Taiwan, started with foreign-aid money and estimated to cost $34 million, which was inoperable because equipment did not meet the specifications for the desired operations.

—Radio towers installed in Saigon which had not been put in operation

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One thousand 23-inch TV sets were ordered for use in community education programs in underdeveloped countries overseas at a cost of $400,000 for areas with no electric power supply

Foreign aid funds were used to buy suits for undertakers in Greece

U. S. aid to Kenya was used to buy extra wives for government officials

A stock breeding farm was erected in Lebanon with U. S. aid. Nine stalls were built for each bull

The Peace Corps sent a man, his wife and nine children to the Philippines. One-way fare cost $13,190. The Corpsman's salary is $10,190

House Subcommittee on Foreign Operations Appropriations
Hearings, 1962

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because their utility was undetermined and their location in doubt.

—$3.1 million for an air-conditioned yacht for the Emperor of Ethiopia.

—$400,000 for battery-powered TV sets in remote jungle villages. (Merry-go-rounds driven by children would recharge the batteries.)

—"Independence day" gifts to new African countries . . . gifts to Guinea and Mali because of their "changing political attitudes" . . . $5.6 million to Indonesia for completion of a road to an athletic stadium—all from, of all places, the President's Contingency Fund, which was appropriated by Congress for the purpose of taking care of crises which were unforeseen at the time the funds were approved.

—The shipping of millions of dollars worth of navigational equipment to countries incapable of using it.

—Supplying enough rifles to one country so that each soldier could have, on the average, one and one-half rifles per man, and programming enough rifles and carbines in another country to provide an average of two weapons per soldier.

—Plans to supply additional aircraft to a country with a shortage of trained pilots.

—Fighter planes for and a "loan" to an African country to buy jet airliners.

—Pouring into Korea $200 million a year, which is beyond the capacity of the country's economy to absorb productively or of its government to administer efficiently, the result of which has been to encourage corruption and hamper development.

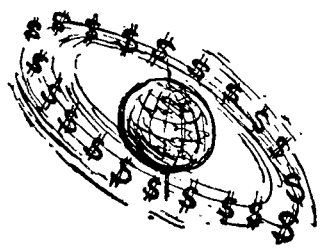
—The transfer of military funds to the contingency fund, and then a further transfer to economic programs.

Mist From Foggy Bottom

Notwithstanding these, and other foreign-aid facts of record, the Administration proposes again this year to increase the spending. The foreign-aid bureaucracy in Washington has assembled a powerful lobby to help promote its efforts. Among other things, it has made sure that contracts, in most cases lucrative ones, are awarded to colleges and universities in every state of the Union, to trade schools in practically every state, and to influential segments of industry, all of which are busy mustering support for the program.

One of the myths advanced by the Administration in attempted justification of its foreign-aid policy is the claim, addressed to the American taxpayer, that approximately 80 per cent of the dollars appropriated for the program are spent in the United States. The fact is, 100 per cent of the dollars appropriated for foreign aid will ultimately have an effect on the U.S. economy—in one of these three ways: For the payment for goods and services shipped free of charge to foreign countries; for the purchase of U.S. gold by foreign nations as a result of the free dollars that we have credited to them; or for speculation.

A question we might well ask is this: if 80 per cent of the foreign-aid dollar is spent in the United States and this expenditure is beneficial to



our economy, would there be more prosperity in America if expenditures for the program were doubled or tripled? The answer is, of course, that our own resources would soon be depleted, our false prosperity would come to an abrupt end, and we would be a bankrupt nation.

Another myth used by the Administration to "sell" foreign aid to this country is that the program provides employment for approximately 600,000 people. But, looking at this matter objectively, it should be understood that the wages and salaries of these 600,000 people are not paid by the foreign governments, but by checks drawn on the U.S. Treasury from funds provided by the American taxpayer.

Still another myth about the aid program is the widely-held belief, fostered by the Administration, that we are now making loans, rather than grants, for development assistance abroad. The truth is that a realistic analysis of our so-called "development loans" makes it clear that appropriations for this purpose are no different, actually, than for the aid programs of the past. Although this aid is represented as being on a "loan" basis and "repayable" in dollars—obviously intended to make the program more palatable to the taxpayer—even a superficial examination of the terms of these "loans" makes it clear that, in reality, this is essentially a grant-aid program. Most of the "development loans" are repayable over a period of 40 years with no interest, but the agency does impose a service charge of three-fourths of 1 per cent a year. After a ten-year grace period the recipient country is then supposed to start paying 1 per cent a year on the principal. As frankly acknowledged by Mr. Fowler Hamilton, the most recent former administrator of a long and ever-changing procession of administrators of the aid agency: "[It] is more than half grant to begin with, if you figure in the cost of the money."

(Eleven different directors have served an average tenure of seventeen months before finally leaving the post in frustration and despair.)

In addition, these "loan" repayments, in such amounts as they may be, do not go into the general funds of the U.S. Treasury to help relieve the tax burden of the citizens of the United States, but are plowed back into the program for further "loans."

More Mist

Continuing to look at this same category, not only is this grant aid covered with the cloak of a "loan," but it is even more completely removed from congressional control than had been the case prior to approval in 1961 of the current arrangement. Funds are now committed, up to five years in advance, to a country "plan," and after the funds are appropriated the aid agency then determines what specific programs or projects under the "plan" will be financed by the U.S. In addition to this broad authority granted to AID to obtain funds on a "blank-check" basis, the agency also has authority to de-obligate and re-obligate funds and initiate new projects or programs without prior justification to the Congress, and to transfer funds from one appropriation category to another.

In contrast to this flexibility of operations, it is interesting to take a look at the procedural steps involved —which may, and often do, cover a period of years—on, for example, a

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Corps of Engineers project in the United States. Here is a simplified summary:

1. Survey of the project is authorized by Congress.
2. Funds are requested for a survey.
3. After the survey report is completed it is—
   a) Reviewed by the Rivers and Harbors Board.
   b) Reviewed by the state, or states, involved.
   c) Reviewed by the Departments of Agriculture and Interior and other interested Departments or agencies.
   d) Reviewed by the Bureau of the Budget.
4. Construction is authorized by law (if the project has a favorable ratio of benefits to costs).
5. Funds are requested of Congress for advanced planning.
6. Funds are requested for construction.

The steps are, of course, a sound and reasonable procedure, so it is doubtless too much even to hope that similar requirements will ever be made applicable to foreign aid. It is not, however, too much to hope, and even to expect, that the spending for the program—whether it is referred to as mutual security, international socialism, world-wide welfare, or outright giveaway—be drastically reduced.

The time to act is now.

Special Report

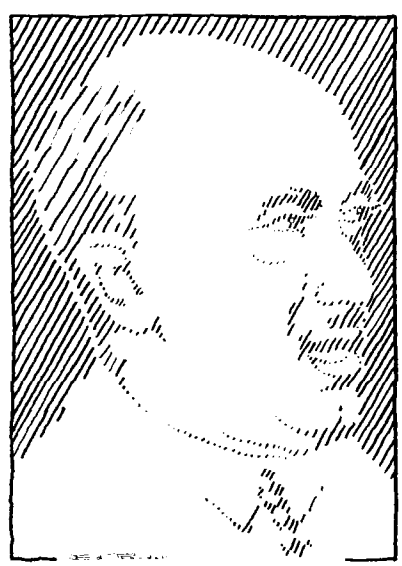
Signor Fanfani's Self-Made Bed

ALICE LEONE-MOATS

Rome

If there is a lesson to be learned from the Italian elections, it is that, at a certain point, a tendency toward compromise can become political poison. The rationalization when Premier Fanfani initiated the "opening to the Left" a couple of years ago was that the Christian Democrats were embarking on a course that would tend to force the non-Communist Left to the right, and isolate the Communists. Italy would be ruled by a progressive, forward-looking, centrist coalition, slanted Left rather than Right and that the Communists would end up in a political Limbo. Well, the election has brushed away that hallucination. The Communist Party—which went into the election with as many internal frictions and problems as the Christian Democrats—came out the big winner. It pushed its percentage of the vote (it had been remarkably static: 22.8 per cent in '48; 22.7 per cent in '53; 22.7 per cent in '58) up to a whopping 25.5 per cent and the Party is now demanding (although it won't get) a voice in the government. The outpouring of Communist votes, which upset all pre-election predictions, resulted in good part at least from the fact that in the mammoth confusion that is Italian politics, only two parties stood out with positive programs: the Communists and, on the Right, the Liberals. The Liberals (conservatives) were the only ones who had not compromised themselves with either the Marxists or the fascists; they refused to have anything to do with Mr. Fanfani's wooing of the Left; they were unqualifiedly pro-NATO and pro-free enterprise. To vote Liberal was to vote for a known quantity and more than twice as many Italians went down the Liberal line last week as had five years ago. They pushed the Liberal share of the total vote up from 3.5 per cent to 7.5 per cent and more than doubled the party's representation in the Chamber of Deputies, where it now holds 39 seats.

This leaves Fanfani face to face with two unpalatable alternatives. If he decides to bring the Liberals into his government, he won't be able to widen his cherished opening to the Left. If he doesn't, he will have to



enter a formal alliance with the Nenni Socialists and the Nenni Socialists, it should be remembered, have never formally broken off their alliance with Palmiro Togliatti's Communists.

If there was no clear-cut winner in the elections, Fanfani was the clear-cut loser. While his Christian Democratic party remains Italy's largest, it took the biggest licking at the polls, tumbling over 5.2 per cent in the total vote and actually losing thirteen seats in an expanded Chamber of Deputies. (To have maintained its relative strength in the new Chamber the CD would have had to win sixteen new seats.)

When Italian Premier Fanfani went to Washington last January it was no secret that he had gone to plead for Kennedy's assistance in the forthcoming national elections. Fanfani's political formula of the opening to the Left had frightened industrialists, businessmen and the middle classes, who are the mainstay of the Christian Democratic party, and he figured that if he would gain the approval and backing of the President of the United States, their fears would be quieted.

He came home with the bacon. *Punto,* a semi-government organ, published an article stating that Washington was delighted with the opening to the Left. Later, Saragat, whose Social Democratic party forms part of the center-Left coalition, amplified this statement in a speech

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on TV. He said that during *his* visit to the United States he had talked with many important politicians who all agreed that the opening to the Left was the perfect solution not only for Italy, but also for South America. *Borghese*'s ironic comment was, "Who could honestly doubt that a policy which pleases the North Americans and is suitable for the South Americans, should fail to be the right one for the Italians? *Viva Zapata!*" One can only add, "*Caramba!*"

Fanfani also returned with the news that the Jupiter bases in Italy would soon be dismantled. With the aid of his friend Kennedy, he had succeeded in depriving the Communists of one of their major campaign issues. Then Kennedy forgot to wait until after April 28 to announce that Polaris-armed submarines were to be deployed in the Mediterranean, thus enabling the Communists to start screaming about the danger of having American submarine bases in Italy. All Fanfani could do was to assert that his government would not provide bases, which nobody believed.

Kennedy is also supposed to have suggested to Fanfani that he hire Dr. Ernest Dichter as a "hidden persuader" to sell the Christian Democratic party to the Italian voters. Whatever else he may or may not have done, Dr. Dichter succeeded in providing the only laughs in a dull and listless election campaign. He advised the CD to avoid the psychological mistake of presenting a mother image, and posters with the picture of a young girl dressed in virginal white blossomed on every wall, proclaiming, "The CD is twenty years old." People had great fun inventing new "images"—the CD Fiancée, the CD Sister, and many others that are unprintable.

"Walk With the Times, Walk With Us" was another slogan proposed by Dr. Dichter. Somebody working in the CD propaganda office passed it on to the Communists, who used it on posters of their own that appeared on the same day as those of the CD. It was a splendid joke, enjoyed by everybody, except the Christian Democrats who had to destroy thousands of posters costing millions of lire.

If Kennedy has proved to be a hindrance rather than a help to the CD, the same can be said of Khrushchev in regard to the Communist

Party. Two years ago, he began cutting down on financial aid and one of the results of his ungenerosity has been the closing of two Communist newspapers just before the elections, when they were most needed. Moscow's order to attack the Chinese Communists openly at the CPI Congress last autumn, exposed Togliatti to Mao's revenge in the form of propaganda depicting him as a bourgeois revisionist.

Characteristic Confusion

The party is split into two factions —Stalinists and Khrushchevites—and the split remains all too visible in spite of the discipline that forced the leaders to present a united front during the campaign. Khrushchev's warning to the Russian intellectuals against thinking they might enjoy political freedom in a totalitarian state sent the Italian comrades into fits of incoherent gibbering. Finally, the rumors of Khrushchev's imminent downfall did little to quiet the nerves of the Red leaders.

The CPI, however, is not the only Italian party suffering from a split personality. The CD is divided into right, center and left factions, and Nenni's autonomous group in the Socialist party is having great difficulty in controlling the left-wing. This adds to the confusion that characterizes Italian politics.

The confusion has been compounded by the opening to the Left. In previous elections, the main plank of the CD platform had been anti-Communism, which attracted the votes of many people who would have preferred to cast their ballots for other parties, but were persuaded to strengthen the CD so that it could build a dyke against Communism. Although the propaganda line is still used, it's no longer very convincing. It also seemed strange for the government to choose the particular moment when the Communists appeared weak to "fight" them by adopting their programs for the nationalization of sources of production and the elimination of private initiatives.

The ambivalent attitude of the Catholic Church was all that was needed to plunge the poor Italians into a state of complete bewilderment. The Episcopate issued an appeal to the Catholics to vote "united," meaning, "Vote for the CD." That entailed supporting a party that is allied to the Socialists who are allied to the Communists, and left the voter to figure out on his own how he could do this when the decree of excommunication is still in force against any Catholic who votes for a Socialist or a Communist.

In the circumstances it was not that strong centrist-to-left-oriented coalition which came out the winner, but the Communists and the Liberals whose effectiveness in projecting an "image" might be admired on Madison Avenue. Premier Fanfani with his *apertura a sinistra* lying in shambles about him should, one would think, take a good hard look at where he is leading his party, but no one here will put a plugged lira on it.

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Principles and Heresies

'Divini Redemptoris' to 'Pacem in Terris'

FRANK S. MEYER

JOHN XXIII represents a spiritual authority rooted in the very foundations of Western civilization. As Catholics owe him paternal deference, so those of us who are not Catholic but are also bred in the tradition of Western civilization and are loyal to its truth, should receive his words in a very special way—*when he speaks on spiritual matters.*

Meyer

But when he moves from the assertion of eternal truth to plunge into the mundane arena where eternal truth has to be developed in earthly terms through the reason of the political philosopher and the prudence of the statesman, his words are perforce as subject to the laws of reason and the critique of prudence as are those of anyone who speaks or acts authoritatively in these realms. Thus, in considering *Pacem in Terris,* a sharp separation has to be made between those aspects of the document which concern essential truth and those which seek to lay down theoretical and practical principles for the political, social and economic problems of the contemporary world.

NO ONE who holds to the traditional truths of Western civilization can disagree with John XXIII's insistence upon the overriding authority in human affairs of natural law and right reason, upon the political and social primacy of the person, upon the necessity for order and justice that civilized life may proceed. It is another matter altogether, however, when the rights of the person are presented (despite occasional guarding clauses) in close symmetry with the egalitarian, anti-capitalist, anti-Western attitudes of Liberalism; when the necessity of order is equated with a moral mandate for "a world political authority"—an authority which would inevitably, by its very nature, impugn the sovereignties, the freedoms, the diversities, not only of nations but of civilizations, and create the conditions for the most fearsome tyranny in the history of man. And, most disturbing of all, it is another matter when tens of thousands of words devoted to our world (in *Pacem in Terris* as in *Mater et Magistra*) are innocent of any mention of the greatest danger to freedom, order, justice and peace in our time—the all-encompassing drive of Communism towards world dominion; when, in fact, the encyclical counsels coexistence and collaboration with Communism.

Efforts such as those of Fr. John Courtney Murray in *America* to interpret the "movement" with which collaboration is counseled as Socialism and Liberalism are, unfortunately, patently absurd in the context of the contemporary world, of the document itself, of the Pope's meeting with Adzhubei, of the pressures the Vatican is exerting on Cardinal Mindszenty. Would that it were so. Bad as this might be for the struggle against the Socialist-Liberal canker that eats at the vitals of Western civilization, the struggle against these evils can be conducted over time within the frame of civilized existence; but Communism threatens to destroy the very frame of civilization and with frightening immediacy.

The struggle against Socialism and Liberalism can be conducted by the civilized methods of intellectual attack, political education and political organization. Communism, however, is a power machine whose essence is the drive to world conquest, a drive conducted on all levels but backed always by the threat of ruthless use of armed force and limited by no moral criterion, only by the criterion of probable success. It can be stopped only by force greater than the force of which it disposes.

How, then, can there be doubt that it is Communism with which collaboration is being proposed, when the same encyclical calls for disarmament, for an end of nuclear testing, for the relinquishment of war as an instrument of national and civilizational policy? If it were not Communism with which accommodation is proposed, why is the reality of the omnipresent world struggle between the West and Communism ignored amid the rhetoric of peace, world organization and disarmament? Why, for that matter, if Fr. Murray is correct, is there not a sharp differentiation drawn between Socialism-Liberalism and Communism? Why, with all the references to the encyclicals of his recent predecessors, is there none to *Divini Redemptoris* of Pius XI, with its forthright characterization of Communism as a "satanic scourge," as "this pernicious enemy," as "this all too imminent danger . . . which aims at upsetting the social order and at undermining the very foundations of Christian civilization."

COMMUNISM remains the same scourge it was in 1937—except that it now rules five times the population it then did and threatens directly and immediately the very existence of Western civilization, as of all civilization. It may be that, when armed messianism so threatens, it is not the part of the Roman Pontiff to call the West to arms. But if he enters the arena where men stand embattled against a mundane evil, reason and prudence would seem to require in 1963 at least the clarity of *Divini Redemptoris* in 1937: "Communism is intrinsically wrong and no one who would save Christian civilization may collaborate with it in any undertaking whatsoever."

There can be spiritual danger in vaunting one's own cause and putting victory in the world as an end transcending ultimate truth. But that is not the danger in the West today. Rather our spiritual danger is a supine refusal to carry out our moral responsibility to separate, as best we can in this world, right from wrong and to challenge the onrushing evil. We need less the reminder of the common manhood of all men than the call courageously to defend and vindicate that common manhood against the determined champions of dehumanization.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

The War Against Good Books

Despite all the "mediocre appeals for excellence" (in Mr. Daniel Boorstin's phrase) that have been dinned into our ears the past few years, many school administrators, school-board members, and parents continue their campaign against great literature in American schools. The onslaught, indeed, seems to have intensified recently.

Kirk

In Michigan, last year, several schools were plagued by busybodies who demanded that Nathaniel Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter* be removed from the classroom, and even the library! Apparently they had heard that Hawthorne's romance touched upon adultery; and of course our innocent secondary-school pupils have not heard, and must not hear, of such naughtiness. Every drugstore provides these innocents with the works of Mickey Spillane, Ian Fleming, and near-pornographers much worse. But Hawthorne, the Bad Man of Salem! Save our children from his vicious influence!

Mark Twain and the Board

Very recently, the Philadelphia Board of Education struck *Huckleberry Finn* out of the high-school curriculum, substituting a bowdlerized version. "The new version," according to a press release, "eliminates much of the text of the original, tones down the violence, simplifies the southern dialect, and deletes all derogatory references to Negroes." How nice! And how Mark Twain would have scarified this wondrously stupid Board of Education. "Nigger Jim," in Twain's best book, is the most admirable of the characters—loyal, generous, courageous, honest, strong. But goodness gracious, we can't have representations of colored people like *that* in our schools! Let's give the kids, instead, a short biography of the Reverend Adam Clayton Powell.

The Philadelphia Board also abolished *War and Peace*, as being too difficult for the products of Deweyism. Also, of course, there's violence in Tolstoi, as in Twain. And we can't mention violence in school, because obviously violence has vanished from this wonderful twentieth century of ours.

At Stevens County High School, in Georgia, a teacher has been fired because he had his pupils read John Hershey's *Bell for Adano*. The county school superintendent had discovered that Hershey takes the name of God in vain no less than ninety-two times. We'll have no damned blasphemy in Stevens County, by God.

In my daily newspaper column, recently, I quoted from a letter by a Californian opponent of Dr. Max Rafferty. This lady critic desires to substitute *Muck-Muck the Eskimo Boy*, in Californian schools, for the works of Tennyson, Whittier, and Longfellow—which are "not in harmony with a realistic present in which an understanding and friendly attitude for all mankind is our goal for the future." A quite different Californian lady, Mrs. Geraldine Sloan, sends me a most interesting letter of comment on this column of mine:

> The correspondent quoted in your column is only one victim of the fever raging across the nation. It is easy to believe that George Orwell's fantasy is beginning to solidify into a horrifying reality, and that soon "doublethink" will be the only writing to reach the printed page. *Muck-Muck* certainly sounds like a step in that direction. . . .
>
> Isn't it true that the obscenity angle is only a rationalization? The alarmists, whether they are conscious of the fact or not, do not utter the *real* reasons for their objections to first one classic and then another. It is clear to me, though, that progressive education has produced, by this time, its first adult generation of Alice-Jerry or Dick-Jane victims. These underprivileged citizens no doubt find the great books a notch or two above their own reading ability and interest, and the presence of the classics on retail racks and in the classroom is a source of irritation to them. This generation has now reached the age where its influence in the voting booth and upon school boards is being felt. . . .
>
> This new force has a different shape from the traditional anti-intellectualism with which most of us are historically familiar. It has its roots, not in other institutions or opposing vested interests confined to limited numbers and organized around certain beliefs or systems, but in the great, unformed mass of people. The letter-writer you quoted is an articulate voice from the mass, and even this one voice alarms us, because there is no precedent to follow in coping with this kind of ignorance and blindness. Only an education of a different sort from the Dick-Jane variety could have prevented our having to cope with this type of response. . . . It is easier to define than to destroy an evil, and even though I voted for Dr. Rafferty, I did so fully aware of the almost insurmountable obstacles he faces.

Amen to that. A generation almost totally deprived of the strength that lies in humane letters submits flaccidly to the squalid oligarchs of some new order. No domination is worse than that of Giant Boredom.

Pupils' Pabulum

When, about three years ago, a Florida school condemned Huxley's *Brave New World* and Orwell's *1984* to the flames, Mr. Murray Kempton looked into the matter. He discovered that no one in the educationist hierarchy, from the Florida school principal up to the United States Commissioner of Education, had read Huxley and Orwell. What right have those kids got to read stuff that doctors of education can't master?

I know of no school libraries stuffed with lubricious literature; but I know of many crammed with inanity. American teachers are not so many de Sades; but they have a good many Goody-Two-Shoes in their ranks. So swing your cutlass, Long John, and flaunt your scarlet "A", Hester: ours is no time for namby-pambies, in school or in the wicked world.

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What Color Is God?

GARRY WILLS

James Baldwin is a disarming man, against whom it is necessary to arm ourselves. Which, oddly enough, may be what he is trying to tell us.

He has written an indictment of Western civilization—more precisely, of that civilization's religion, of "the white God"—that is carefully and consciously "outrageous." He edges toward us—in every sentence—his credentials as the most sensitive and discriminating articulator of Negro suffering; while, fully aware of the incongruity, he constructs an intricate sympathy for the crudest kind of Negro racism, that of Elijah Muhammad and his Black Muslims. There is virtuosity, even a dark gaiety in his anger: he does not try to hide the logical weaknesses in his argument, considered solely as an argument. He candidly bases his view of religion on his special experience of "the church racket": at the age of fourteen, he became a boy preacher in order to break the hold over him of his father, an hysterical minister who, after torturing his children with hatred and piety, starved himself to death.

It is a story Baldwin has told many times—in detail as *Go Tell It on the Mountain,* obliquely in the opening pages of *Giovanni's Room,* as autobiography in an essay on his father's funeral. Like the fourteen-year-old John of *Go Tell It on the Mountain,* Baldwin let himself be swept out to sea, for one night, on the current of longing that runs through the store-front churches; suffered all night the redeeming plangencies of the saved; mounted the pulpit and began to preach out of "a merciless resolve to kill my father rather than allow my father to kill me." (In the novel, it is put this way: "John excelled in school, . . . and it was said that he had a Great Future. He might become a Great Leader of his people. John was not much interested in his people and still less in leading them anywhere, but the phrase so often repeated rose in his mind like a great brass gate, opening outward for him on a world where people did not live in the darkness of his father's church.")

The Fire Next Time, by James Baldwin. Dial, $3.50

Up against an audience that has its Freud by heart, an indictment of religion based on this experience is almost bound to misfire; to be read as the private fight of an Oedipus, not as part of the public struggle of a race for recognition. Baldwin knows this; knows, nonetheless, that he can give the game away and still win it. He makes no effort to soften the hard lines of inconsistency that extrude everywhere in his piece—saying, in one breath, that it is too late for us to convince the Negro of our good faith, since the growth of black power in the world makes any gesture on our part look like an effort to buy off our future conquerors; then, with a change of mood, but no answer to the former argument, singing that our nation is the one best equipped to lead the world into a new era of racial love. Earlier, we are told that it is impossible for the Negro not to hate his oppressor and respond to Muhammad's call; but in the rosier last pages, the Negro is extolled for having resisted the temptation to hate. Then, as a cap on all these incongruities, he sent us his apocalyptic "Letter From a Region of My Mind" interleaved with the Lanvin ads of the *New Yorker.* One can read it now between hard covers, as *The Fire Next Time.*

I

THE *Fire Next Time* falls into three major sections. The first is lyric and intensely felt, the story of his struggle with his father, and with God, and with the white man. The second, his interview with Muhammad ("He made me think of my father and me as we might have been if we had been friends"), puts the Black Muslim doctrine, or as much of it as will submit to the treatment, into effective oratorical form: "The Christian world has revealed itself as morally bankrupt . . . a civilization sexually so pathetic that the white man's masculinity depends on a denial of the masculinity of the blacks . . . the fact of the Third Reich alone makes obsolete forever any question of Christian superiority, except in technological terms . . . [so that the Jews' position] would be my position on the day that the United States decided to murder its Negroes systematically instead of catch-as-catch-can." The rhetorical coarsening reflects a turn of the argument toward special pleading: the white reaction to the Muslims is in no way motivated by opposition to violence or racism—since we whites are restless with barely suppressed desire for war, and condone white racism—but by "the attempt of the white man to destroy him [the Negro]—for that is what it is."

The last part is mechanically protreptic to a degree that is startling in Baldwin. He parades all the Liberal clichés in their pristine naiveté—the wave of history, the courage to change, the need to export our revolution. The "American dream" is shattered by "our curious role in Spain" and in "pre-Castro Cuba." We are accused, and without defense, before "any Cuban peasant or any Spanish poet." We must be "willing to change," our task is "to trust and to celebrate" this change; "everything white Americans believe must now be re-examined" under the advent of an "historical vengeance, a cosmic vengeance." This inevitable tide, so

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inevitable that its beneficence, direction, or source do not need to be described, forces us to swear allegiance to "an age of revolution." "Any attempt we make to oppose these outbursts of energy is tantamount to signing our death warrant." Baldwin, who wrote, in *Notes of a Native Son*, "I am not one of the people who believe that oppression imbues a people with wisdom or insight or sweet charity" here *becomes* "one of the people who." The Negro, we are told, has been forced "to look beneath appearances, to take nothing for granted, to hear the meaning behind the words," thus achieving an aristocracy of the spirit, the only aristocracy America has ever known.

The modulations that carry us from the opening pages—so aware of human evil and contradiction—to the homiletic conclusion (simply love, children, surrender yourselves to love "as a state of being, or a state of grace") are almost imperceptible. It is a *tour de force*. Yet, despite the manifesto prose about "changing the world," the contrived effects, the unexpected stridency, it is intensely moving; it has, in fact, had a seismic effect whose tremors are not even beginning to subside. Why is this?

II

THE QUESTION is really two questions. Why did he write it, and why did it have such impact? It won't do to think that the first question can be answered simply by saying that he meant to shock, to create an "effect"—though, characteristically, and with the same aplomb that is mixed with his real anger, Baldwin would not deny that this was a factor in the performance. He is too good an artist not to see in aesthetic terms the contrast between his introspective, restrained early essays, and this rousing attack. A blurb on one of his books quotes some early review: "His Olympian detachment is almost frightening. . . ." The novelist so aware of the heart's mystery (his favorite adjective is "unreadable"—all his characters have unreadable faces; and his indispensable noun is "conundrum"—all the situations his unreadable ones find themselves in are conundrums) puts himself, for once, at the head of the simplifiers.

When Norman Mailer criticized Baldwin ("too charming . . . paragraphs sprayed with perfume"), the one thing that seems to have hurt was the statement that Baldwin seems incapable of hurling obscenities at the reader. At least Baldwin went out of his way to win this supposedly unattainable distinction, addressing Mailer's two unprintable words to Mailer by way of the printed page; and few readers of Baldwin's last novel will feel inclined to repeat the charge. In fact, much of the uneasiness that reviewers showed when faced with this novel seems to have come from the suspicion that Baldwin was answering some such dare. The man who had brought off a "sensitive" novel on race and a "dignified" novel on homosexuals suddenly upped the decibels. Baldwin has an uncanny way of writing to a background music that somehow gets transmitted along with the words. In *Go Tell It on the Mountain*, everything went to the moaning and keening of spirituals. In *Giovanni's Room*, the music was put away, with Giovanni's violin; but there are occasional hints of the saccharine Parisian tunes Guillaume or Jacques would force Giovanni to play if he ever took down that Italian violin in his French exile. In the last novel, an hysterical and cruel jazz whips the words forward. The stridency, the ambitious rhetoric of the *New Yorker* piece make their first appearance in *Another Country*. Baldwin is obviously a man who can do anything with words—even defy his reputation for sensitivity and restraint. It must be fun; and he would not deny the fun, even if he were fighting in dead earnest.

James Baldwin—*"Asking for immediate secession from our civilization."*

And, of course, he is. The slightly apologetic air of the reviewers—patronizing, ready to let him "blow off a bit of steam," even (poor Baldwin, still haunted from the pulpit) paternal—covered a total ignorance of what was happening in the novel. What was happening, among other things, was the *New Yorker* piece.

RUFUS SCOTT, the doomed jazz drummer of *Another Country*, and his sister Ida, a singer, are surrounded by white rebels against white society. They feel themselves turned into symbols of nonconformity, occupying a position somewhere in the scale between a white Villager's beard and his "boyfriend." They are test cases, love for whom is a gesture of defiance toward someone else. When Vivaldo wants to hurt his parents, he threatens to bring Ida home with him. And yet Vivaldo loves Ida; loves her even while he tries to use her to prove something. And Ida, tortured by her alertness for the least sign of this elaborate, self-justifying "tolerance," loves Vivaldo, without ever being able to trust him or herself. She feels loved not as Ida Scott, but as part of an obscure test whereby the white man is to learn how to live with himself—a medium or vehicle of white narcissism. She cannot shake him out of the introspection that glazes his eyes when he is near her. She attacks him, over and over, trying to make those eyes blaze outward; but they only blur, and his tears infuriate her. As Baldwin wrote elsewhere, "the interracial handshake or the interracial marriage can be as crucifying as the public hanging or the secret rape."

In this way brother and sister—Rufus and Ida—who bore hatred with dignity, are eaten hollow by love. Anonymity in hatred is bad enough, but anonymity in love is a total solvent. It leaves nothing. Against this menace Ida arms herself, determined to destroy the love that can so easily destroy her, that did destroy her brother. She will take power from the white man, beat him at his own game. (Baldwin has remarked that Eartha Kitt was in his mind when he described her cold drive toward success.) The shrill note, new in Baldwin's work, is hers, the brassy sound that covers terror. Part of the peroration of the *New Yorker* piece,

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about "a bill coming in," is taken from one of her speeches.

Baldwin has described, in an interview, how Ida forced herself on his story. Rufus, who dies early in the novel, was obviously meant to be the one Negro dominating it, haunting it from his grave. But Rufus somehow fails to convince or fascinate. We have to take his artistry, his magnetism exercised over all the other characters, as a given. The "given" is, of course, the thing a proof (or a novel) does not offer to give us in its own demonstration; but Rufus' mystery is precisely what the novel should have given us in the first eighty pages, made unforgettable for the hundreds of pages after Rufus' disappearance. Baldwin seems to have been so intent on making him a portent, a puzzle for the others to read, that the sign becomes abstract, dehydrated. Yet the riddle lay in the fact that Rufus was a *person* who was treated as a *thing*. The novelist is guilty, aesthetically, of the thing he attacks in the realm of morals. In fact, almost all of Baldwin's own criticism of Richard Wright's hero, Bigger Thomas, can be applied to Rufus. Ida becomes the "voice of the Negro" in this tale—not pathetic, irritating, a lingering mystery, but aggressive and bound to win.

III

In some as yet unconfessed way, Baldwin seems to be launched on the self-lacerating task that Ida set herself—to see if, in the amorphous tolerance surrounding the "accepted" Negro, some fire of human dignity and spontaneity can still be kindled. Only this, it seems to me, can explain the odd union of jauntiness and agony forced to the surface of the *New Yorker* article. Baldwin dares us to attack his inconsistency, as Ida dares Vivaldo to criticize a "spook." Calling herself such names is much like Baldwin's deliberately provocative praise of Muhammad.

But, though he hit us as hard as he could, though he took the most sacred things as his target, though he mocked Christianity, called its missionaries the willing agents of exploitation, though he was as outrageous as he could be, though he was obscene enough even for Mailer, he has been met with a vast tolerance and sympathy, a vague clucking of

tongues over the plight of Harlem Negroes, a superficial flurry of comment on how brave the *New Yorker* was, and how eloquent Baldwin is, and how wicked Mississippi is. It must be very frustrating.

And this is the real reason for the article's impact, the deep impression it made under all the superficial chatter about it. He found our weakness, pushed his hand right through it. That weakness is not that we have been cruel to the Negro. We have, more than we know; more than we want to know. But this terrible accusation is not the real point of Baldwin's challenge. He does not attack us for not living up to our ideals, for lapsing, for sinning, for being bad Christians. He says we do not *have* any ideals: we do not believe in any of the things our religion, our civilization, our country stand for. It is all an elaborate lie, a lie whose sole and original function is to fortify privilege. And he proves this by attacking all our so-called beliefs, then standing back and observing that no one defends them. In fact, everyone rushes to defend *him*.

Understand, then, that Baldwin is not, as one might gather from some treatments of his article, simply advocating, in more compelling words, an acceleration of the sit-in movement. In 1949, it is true, he wrote that the Negro wants acceptance and advance of status within the present community—what the NAACP is laboring for. But now he makes a different analysis: "The American Negro has the great advantage of having never believed that collection of myths to which white Americans cling." As such, the Negro is naturally fitted for the task of weaning us from the evil nourishment of our delusions: "How can the American Negro's past be used? The unprecedented price demanded—and at this embattled hour of the world's history—is the transcendence of the realities of color, of nations, and of altars."

Those Christians not ready to "transcend their altars" are reminded that belief in Christ is based on an ignorance of "several elementary historical details," *e.g.*, "that the real architect of the Christian church was not the disreputable, sunbaked Hebrew who gave it his name but the mercilessly fanatical and self-righteous St. Paul. The energy that was buried with the rise of the Christian nations must come back into the world; nothing can prevent it." This energy is not given any further characterization, but it seems to be the tide of resistless change we are all to ride, a tide that puts in an astonishingly early appearance in Baldwin's assemblage of "elementary historical details."

So let us be clear about what is actually being said: Baldwin is asking for immediate secession from our civilization. "This, then, is the best that God (the white God) can do. If that is so, then it is time to replace Him." And the Negro is the natural instrument of this process. "The only thing white people have that black people need, or should want, is power—and no one holds power forever." This is the challenge of the compulsive rebel against the present order—the White Negro of Mailer, or the anarchistic monster Bigger Thomas—that Baldwin himself has so mordantly criticized before, here flung in our face. And proving what Ida knows—that a Negro can say anything: his words can never soften the white racist's fear and hatred, and they will all be taken as "excusable"—and, of course, elo-

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quent—by the solicitously "tolerant."

We are not treating the Negro as an equal until we can be angry at him, until we are willing to grant that his words *mean* something, that they are worth analysis, refinement, and (if need be) refutation. By this test, few of Baldwin's critics (only F. W. Dupee, to my knowledge) have begun to treat him as an equal.

There are many reasons for this. One always moves under some suspicion—indeed, must keep suspecting oneself—of hypocrisy when discussing, from comparative safety and comfort, the pain and danger of other men. But that is, after all, what we do whenever we discuss a serious problem having repercussions in the life of man, the most exposed and endangered creature we know. The solution is not to forswear discussion. Somewhere along the line, then, somebody should take Baldwin's charges seriously enough to ask, not whether they are moving, or beautiful, or important, or sincerely meant—they are obviously all these, and there has been enough repetition of the obvious—but whether they are *true*. When Baldwin says the Negro's sufferings cannot be overstated, those who believe that skill in wielding our language exacts some *responsibility* to words must speak out. The evils of racism—like those of fascism, Communism, diabolism—*can* be overstated, stated in such a way that the problem is "spread" out of shape, made unrecognizable, unmanageable. And such overstatement of evil is a way of advancing the evil.

> That sinners have always, for American Negroes, been white is a truth we needn't labor, and every American Negro, therefore, risks having the gates of paranoia close on him. In a society that is entirely hostile, and, by its nature, seems determined to cut you down—that has cut down so many in the past and cuts down so many every day—it begins to be almost impossible to distinguish a real from a fancied injury. One can very quickly cease to attempt this distinction, and, what is worse, one usually ceases to attempt it without realizing that one has done so . . . Most Negroes cannot risk assuming that the humanity of white people is more real to them than their color. And this leads, imperceptibly but inevitably, to a state of mind in which, having long ago learned to expect the worst, one finds it very easy to believe the worst.
>
> JAMES BALDWIN, *The Fire Next Time*

IV

IS IT TRUE, for instance, if we look at the content of Baldwin's accusations rather than the hurt eloquence that urges them, that Christianity has done nothing for the Negro, that it had nothing to do with the abolition of slavery? For that matter, is it true that Christianity should have rejected its entire Hellenic inheritance because of the monstrous blot, on it, of slavery? The reasons Baldwin gives for abandoning the Christian West would have served an early Christian as an excuse for dismissing the whole of "natural" civilization so laboriously built up over the centuries. The Christian message might have been one of the rather simple kind that Baldwin brings—simply love one another, brethren, and forget your libraries, since these are full of Platonic and Aristotelian justifications of slavery. To cure a sick and monstrously distorted limb, they might have cut down the tree. But they did not chop down the tree; and they did cure the limb.

Ironically, one of the reasons for the importation of black slaves into our culture was the fact that white slaves had been freed. Baldwin's ancestors were slaves; so, probably, were mine. The oppressed became the oppressors (and can do so again). But is it true that nothing was learned in this process? The Western history of black slavery is an instant of time compared with the ages of white servitude we lived through and, finally, purged. To throw away that experience would be like throwing away the experience of the Negro, articulated by Baldwin and introducing us into our own frightening history. In fact, the one experience is based on the other. Baldwin himself says that the Negro has no language to describe his situation; the language—of freedom, morality, human dignity, inhuman cruelty—that Baldwin uses, he learned, as we all learn it, from the centuries of other men's sufferings, from this struggle with each other and with words. These literally "trying" centuries are not lost to us but made operative by their distillation in our libraries. If the assault on evil is not to be a mere succession of rulers and ruled, the oppressors becoming the oppressed in a dreary cycle of directionless revulsion, man has to learn from the past, has to have the past kept somehow present to be learned from. The achievements that Baldwin counts as irrelevant, or the excuses of those in power, are actually the only things that can keep the Negro, and the white man as well, from despairing. If the civilization that has wronged the Negro contains, somewhere in its many chambers, things worth treasuring, then the years of pain are not entirely wasted. New treasures can be salvaged even from a disaster like slavery in America, can be stored away for future use. I am not suggesting that one "buys" human pain with cultural gifts; there is no way to measure, or recompense, the suffering of a man. But if the suffering is going to take place, and if one is ever to steel oneself to it, then the ability to read part of its lesson, to use what would otherwise be total waste, is one of the triumphs of man, a triumph indissolubly linked with that other, more complex, extensive, vulnerable thing, civilization itself. The advantages of civilization do not excuse the evil inflicted in its name—they intensify that evil—but they do give hope to those who suffer the wrongs.

It may be asking a superhuman ob-

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jectivity to demand from a man that he see all the merits of a system that has crippled him. But that objectivity is precisely what we *must* ask from anyone who enters upon the task of destroying parts or all of a civilization (and every change involves some destruction, some replacement, some clearing of ground in the process of improvement). One must know something about the uses to which others have put apparent anomalies before one can decide whether they are in fact superfluous and will not be needed again. In fact, objectivity is the prime characteristic of civilization. It has no subjectivity, because it is not a person, to be damned for its sins. It commits no sins, it has no virtues. Only the individual man loves or hates. A civilization is a tradition of truths tested or accepted or found useful, customs moulded on these truths, habits of social coherence facilitating the arrival at the truths and the participation in the customs.

Every civilization is bound to operate, for the achievement of those aims, with a tremendous inefficiency. Given the stuff of men, its truths will be largely neglected truths. But they will persist, be present, even when neglected. That is the real service of civilization—it keeps truths present against all the forces working to erase them. It guarantees that momentary convenience, spasms of evil, sloth, fear will not lead to the rapid expunging of time's lessons. When a Dachau happens, are we—as Baldwin suggests—to tear up all the Bibles, disband all the police forces, take crowbars to the court buildings and the libraries? Is it not a sign of man's awareness of his own depths that makes him esteem civilization, take precautions that something will be left if ever we are guilty of a Dachau, of Indian massacres or the slave lynchings? Does he think we will be any less liable to these dark exhalations of unreason if we have none of these institutions? Does he think we will recover from them more rapidly, or reduce their frequency, by treating Dachau as the direct product of the Decalogue?

A CIVILIZATION often preserves its lessons against the tremendous odds of man's evil ingenuity and ambition, by working the truth into unobtrusive corners, or avoiding a direct confrontation with the forces of destruction, or by intertwining truth's structure with privileges that will not lightly be surrendered, or by letting it become pale and partially inoperative. But these very devices make the truth survive, even if no one wants to recognize it or mobilize it to its proper effect. The civilization succeeds, if it succeeds at all, in keeping its truths entire even when invisible; can produce them when challenged. Men, who try to ignore them, use them, periodically revive them, become finally haunted by their presence, their irritant indestructibility.

Such truths may seem neutral, dull, irrelevant; excuses for the vivid things in life—power, lust and pain. Ideas, like God, have no color. It is their weakness from a novelist's point of view. To the tortured subjectivity of the wounded or lonely person they offer an exasperating objectivity. It is their job. It keeps them—and us—alive.

Random Notes

● MOVIES: Thursday, June 27, not far from where John Adams used to set off on foot, his lunch rolled up in cabbage leaves, for the Massachusetts Assembly over at the College, Loew's Orpheum will display the world premiere of a melodrama written by Donovan, Breen, Sheehan, and Flaherty: *PT 109*. . . . Way back, when the delivery by scribblers of oak and bay to the Chief was more robust than the heroic modesty which is said to dignify *PT 109*, a whopper of a play about Elizabeth I was called *If You Know Not Mee You Know Noe Bodie*. . . . *Variety* reports that Eugene Ionesco, the wild playwright, is plotting a movie with Samuel Beckett and Harold Pinter. What's more, they plan to *act* in it. . . . And Jack Benny announces that at 70 (next year) he will turn to the legitimate stage and is looking around for a vehicle. . . . Alec Guinness, Anthony Quayle, and Graham Greene have formed their own company to film Greene's *The Living Room*.

● ART: Two handsome little paperbacks on Henri Rousseau, each with generous color plates, have appeared, the first on the great painter to be published in America in twenty years (not counting the chapter on Rousseau in Roger Shattuck's *The Banquet Years*): Alfred Werner's *Henri Rousseau* (Abrams, 90¢) and Jean Bouret's *Douanier Rousseau* (Premier Art Library, Fawcett, 60¢). Both are well done, charming, and bright as playing cards. Premier has also issued in this same series a Turner, Breughel and Manet. After three decades of nothing but Picasso, Van Gogh, Gauguin, and WPA artists to buy in American bookstores, we congratulate these new, furtive moves away from clichés. In a century, perhaps, one can see monographs on Wyndham Lewis, Ford Madox Brown, or even Richard Dadd.

● BOOKS: The Pelican original *William Morris: Selected Writings and Designs* (Penguin, $1.65), edited by Asa Briggs, is a superior anthology, emphasizing Morris' poetry and ideas on manufacture. The cover reproduces in color Morris' honeysuckle chintz and is itself worth the price of the book. . . . Ralph de Toledano's *The Greatest Plot in History*, the first thorough account of atomic espionage, will be published by Duell, Sloane, and Pearce in May and as a paperback by Avon later. . . . John O'Hara's new novel, *Elizabeth Appleton*, will come out the first of June (Random House, $4.95). It's about a society girl and a professor. Pennsylvania, of course. . . . Barry Goldwater's *Conscience of a Conservative* has gone into its eighteenth printing (Macfadden Books). . . . Oxford has just published Vivian Mercier's *The Irish Comic Tradition* ($6.75), an engaging study of the modes and subjects of Irish humor.

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V

TAKE, for instance, this single truth —the Christian concept of man's dignity. Every man, goes the doctrine, has a soul made and saved by God, bought with His blood. This bond between men should overcome anything that divides them. For many reasons, in many cases, perhaps in most, it does not. The doctrine of man's future happiness has been used to bribe Negroes, for instance, to dull their resentment. Are we to condemn the hypocrisy by denying the truth? Take, by way of contrast, the materialist vision of life on earth. In its present most effective form, this vision looks to the harmony to be attained on earth by a social renovation. Its heaven is here, and it can work with undivided energy for this single goal. It has removed evils, in several years, that our civilization has failed to rectify in decades of halfhearted effort—as, Baldwin observes, Muhammad has succeeded in giving many Negroes pride and purpose and discipline.

On this record, are we to accept this earthly apocalypse and call the Christian idea of heaven an opiate merely? Such short-term advantages are often purchased at a terrible cost. As a Christian, I must believe in the priceless value of any black man. I must believe this truth even if I ignore it, even if I am damned for failing to live up to its demands. But a materialist believer in progress has no fixed reason for holding that all men are, eternally, equal. If man is a moving phenomenon, evolved from lower forms of life, divesting himself of its gross remains, advancing to new levels of awareness and action, then there is no reason why some branches of the human family should not succeed where others fail, should not evolve faster, should not leave behind the less adaptable. Man will, in fact, be *obliged* to do this for the good of the race.

Given this philosophy, and the will to use it for one's own ends, the Southerner will not comfort the Negro with the Bible and squeeze what profit he can from his labor. He will give a helping hand to "natural selection" by means of the kiln or the lynch-rope. Conversely, a Muhammad, convinced of white inferiority, can use scientific materialism even more effectively for attaining his ends than he uses the Manichean version of Christianity that he wrested from the Bible. The practical question to be faced is not whether some Christians have been false to their creed, but—given the drive of man to worship and destroy himself — which doctrine can be most easily twisted to the purposes of hatred and oppression.

So far, our social revolutionaries have not been any more notable for consistency than have Christians. But one never knows when, under the pressure of private vision or public disaster, of calculation or fear, some revolutionary is going to remember that, on his own materialist principles, killing off one strain of men can be justified as analogous to the elimination of inferior offshoots in the process that produced our race and its great promise. Teilhard de Chardin, for instance, so popular now with those who believe in man's evolution toward an earthly perfection, admitted that progress has its price. He was convinced that Ethiopians and others had dropped out of the running for the Noosphere, that only sentimentality made one regret this obsolescence of one of nature's experiments, so necessary to the purification of man. In line with this belief, he wrote to friends on the responsible committees to deplore the statements drawn up by the League of Nations and the United Nations proclaiming man's equality. It was not his Christian faith, but his belief in the redemptive processes of evolution, that led Teilhard into this cruel error. Why is Baldwin so certain that this cannot happen to others, that all we have to do is move with evolution, "accept and celebrate" Change? How does he know that change has not been going in this direction all the time, or that it will not veer off to this goal, unchecked by any surviving belief that man is more than the most advanced collocation of atoms?

VI

COME at the problem from another side: it is precisely the modern materialism that has made the Negro's situation so bafflingly difficult. For it is the contention of the materialist, whose only real order is the actual structure of earthly society, that a man's worth should be expressed and measured by, perfectly coextensive with, his social role. It is no longer possible for classes to perform different roles without a comparison of prestige or ease or privilege, a comparison reducing itself, with destructive speed and simplicity, to a question of human superiority and inferiority. A man is not a man at all, in this monochromatic world of material function and reward, unless he has exactly the same vote as every other man, exactly the same privileges, unless his opinions have equal weight on any subject.

It has been the business of tragedy to deny this simple equation between a man's ultimate value and his public performance. Judged by the standards that rulers must live up to, Hamlet is a failure; but *Hamlet* was written precisely to suggest that man's measure is not adequately taken by these standards. We need another set of

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scales. Again, Christianity, with its insistent reminder that the dregs of our society may enter the City of God before the Scribes and Pharisees, that the last will be first, has given dogmatic reinforcement to this sense of man's worth as something extending beyond—moving mysteriously behind—the limited sphere of any individual's social influence.

This view is in direct contrast to modern egalitarianism. John Fischer, in a recent *Harper's* editorial, analyzed the operation of this egalitarian ethic in the field of education: since to give social expresion to *any* failing is, in the insanely symmetrical world of the materialist, to deny the essential dignity or definition of that person as a man at all, we are learning to live with the fictions that there is no such thing as stupidity, that people should not be trained to accept less glamorous tasks in our society, that the social recognition of human qualities will somehow create those qualities, that a low I.Q. can be flattered out of existence.

A Negro can justly object, at this point, that he is not being trained for any spectacularly dignified tasks; that debates on how to treat "gifted" individuals have little to do with the saving of Negro children condemned to the slums. All this is true; but, unfortunately, it is impossible to face the problem of injustice to the Negro, of removing intolerable conditions, of righting criminal complacency and neglect, without getting entangled, over and over, in the false problems raised by the false new standards of human dignity. *Every* social disadvantage is presented to us as if it constituted a denial that the Negro is a human being at all. Every difference in social performance is placed on a set of sociologically calibrated scales, and any imbalance is treated as a metaphysical affront to the doctrine of man's worth. *If* every difference is a denial of the Negro's essential humanity, then every difference is of equal weight. All differences must be attacked with the same fervor for the same reason. And the Negro can never escape the numberless shadow-fights that are, in this way, intermixed with his real struggle for adequate social recognition; he cannot escape them because white men find it increasingly hard to escape them, as Fischer's article indicates. The Negro will only enter the white man's own pursuit of an impossible social equality, and with far greater disadvantages than the white man.

There are, as a matter of fact, certain differences between white men and colored men. Though we partially share each other's history, we do so in a way that is hard to use from the viewpoint of sheer social practicality. No one has described better than Baldwin the odd, intertwined inaccessibility of white and colored people who are in the same room and yet on different planets. To hope that this difference can be erased overnight is, as Baldwin has said over and over, ridiculous. In fact, it can never be overcome if every difference is seen as an evil thing, signifying that one or the other person is inferior. To say this is to assert a single rule for the measuring of man's complexity. An orange can be superior to an orange; but a man can no more be superior to another man than an orange can be superior to a triangle. There is no test we know that can reduce men to a measurable single dimension. Only when these simple facts are clearly grasped again, that is, when we have entered once more into the full Christian tradition, can we define the injustices perpetrated against the Negro, decide on an order of priorities in righting these wrongs, and actually right them. We will be freed from the necessity of living with elaborate fictions, from trying to cultivate color-blindness, from pretending that we know men who are in fact strangers

to us, from believing that we *must* have this knowledge or be guilty of condemning them—or us—to a subhuman status. To think any man is open to our gaze, and easily plumbed, is the one surest way to treat him as subhuman.

VII

In this case as in the other one we looked at, the belief that any difference is "discrimination" can be effective in short-range terms, can give an overwhelming urgency to the obliteration of real injustices, along with imagined ones. But here too the probable cost is a heavy one. The materialist's own weapons are turned against him by prejudice. The undeniable fact of human difference will be read as proof of certain men's inferiority. The white racist arms himself with I.Q. statistics, brain measurements, performance charts. He demands a uniformly high performance from every Negro given an education; since so much is to be *proved* by these "experiments," he must hope desperately that the Negro will fail, and every failure will have the same rigid norms applied to it that the materialists have used in condemning "discrimination." Social advantage should produce, visibly, human excellence; and the entire human mystery should be judged by that excellence of immediate performance. Any inconsistency resulting from this theory—inconsistency the racist uses vindictively—can be very disillusioning to the Liberal materialist, who finds reality strangely reluctant to his categories. If he is to cling to his equation of worth with role, he must increasingly take measures to regulate the role, "prove" equality by a more ambitious moulding of men through their environment. Or, if he surrenders the attempt to achieve an impossible uniformity among men, the materialist will have learned too well how to make the best of his "material." After all, a human nature conferred by the social distinction of the vote or the diploma can be taken away as easily, the problems of dealing with men can be solved by demoting some men from human status, everything can be put at the service of *society* as the single norm of human usefulness. Victims to the state are always sacrificed "for the good of Man."

I do not say that every materialist social improver is consistent, or ap-

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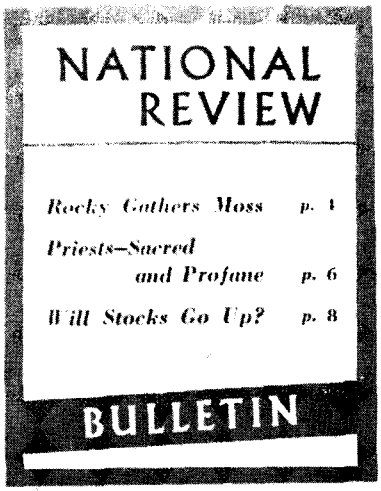
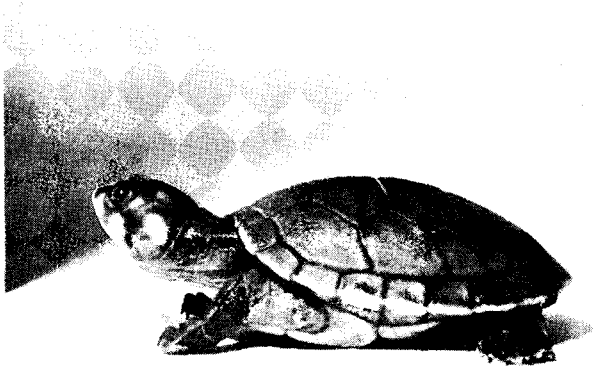


THE WEEK

■ TAKE A LIE DETECTOR TEST? Sure, said Pentagon news-manager Arthur Sylvester to the TFX probers. But, asked if he'd swear in writing to submit to the test, Sylvester managed a "no." "As a matter of principle," he explained. Washington is enjoying Sylvester's embarrassment, in the light of his fluent lying during the past; but lie detectors are feared not only because of their reliability, but because of their unreliability. Recently the two football coaches from Alabama and Georgia, and the eavesdropper-informer, testified under a lie detector and gave contradictory accounts of their involvement in alleged football fixings. All three passed the truth-tests with flying colors.

■ THE CRACKDOWN ON CUBAN EXILES who seek to liberate their country is ironic considering the tacit encouragement we gave the Cuban exiles who ousted Batista five years ago. Apologists for the Administration reply that a) we are only doing what the Neutrality Act, which is the law of the land, requires that we do; and b) if we were wrong in 1958 in allowing the Act to be circumvented, it does not follow we should be wrong now. Others note that the U.S. has a way of transcending the law when it suits our strategic convenience, and that the morale of the resistance movement within Cuba demands occasional Dieppe-type raids from abroad. Those whose taste for legal nicety matches their taste for Cuban freedom may propose that the Neutrality Act be disposed of by supplementary legislation, *e.g.*, a declaration of war against Castro's Cuba.

HAVING TROUBLE KEEPING UP WITH THE NEWS?



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Ada (Okla.) News

REGNERY

plies his principles with the rigor they are capable of, any more than every Christian is a saint. I am only asking what code or creed seems more related to reality, more useful if applied, less menacing if perverted. And, again, it seems to me, the Christian tradition of the West is our best hope. That tradition asserts that every man is a mystery, that his value was proved when Christ died for him, that we cannot prove or disprove anything about it by means of social experiments. It holds that differences between white men and black, like those between men and women, adults and children—like any of the differences that mark us out, every one—are simply manifestations of the range of the human mystery, different manifestations of the divine; that we owe justice and charity to every man as a man; that this is to be rendered directly, to the individual, not by creation of a "status" that can circumscribe his meaning. Only on the basis of these truths—not on the decisions of the Supreme Court, not on the legislation of any Southern state—can we build a firm understanding between the races. Political concepts, like "equality" on the one side and "states' rights" on the other, can too easily be used to prevent the encounter of individuals in charity. Beneath the public debate, more intimate demands upon the conscience must do their work.

The Christian ethic can, of course, be used to deceive man. Under cover of its profound recognition of the soul's worth, those in the various "church rackets" can steal food from the body. But the code is not to be weighed by man's submission to it. If anything, it is to be weighed by man's ultimate inability to escape from it. And Christianity has passed this test, time and again. When it seemed no longer useful, it endured. When men tried to forget, they were forced to remember. The Christian's death-bed repentance, the sudden bequest to the poor, are often mocked at. But this crisis in the individual's life reflects a process that is always going on in a Christian civilization, the recurring crises of sin and repentance, the perpetual encounter with an unbending creed that looks beyond time, a creed whose God is colorless, no matter how many Christians are white.

It is this complex, disreputable, inspiring history of defeat and victory that Baldwin would dismiss with a reference to the Third Reich. And, though we may understand his anger, we must do battle with his arguments. Baldwin has an important message to deliver. He has wounds to bare, an indictment to make. It is good, presumably, for his soul—and certainly for ours—that he make it. But when he voices, not his private agony, not his experience as it can correct or add to our tradition, but a sudden desire to destroy that whole tradition, then we must have the courage to defend the ideals we have, perhaps, not lived up to, but only known to be true. It takes a special courage to bear witness in this way; to be wrong, yet defend what was right; to be what one is, yet continue to fight for what one should have been; to oppose a better man than oneself in the service of a better creed than his. When Baldwin says policemen have no possible use because policemen have hit him, we have to defend the uses of policemen, even if we have bribed the police to beat him. It is this task, demanding self-knowledge, forcing one into a reassessment of his own life and his world's history, that men have not been willing to take upon themselves in the face of the challenge Baldwin made. They preferred to sever their connection with the civilization that could have wronged Negroes so terribly; they sympathized from the sidelines, as if they were not in the game. *Their* accents were not the least bit Galilean.

VIII

And so Baldwin won the game. But I wonder if he wanted to. For he knows the uses of civilization. I could construct a cogent defense of civilization and description of it from his own past writings. But, in his unique position for seeing the rottenness of our society, it must take an heroic effort to remember the "case" for that society, especially when no one else seems very anxious to remind him of it. The subtlety of his earlier essays, the constant return on a statement to see its reverse side, the way a denial of what he has just said can catch another aspect of his subject and make what was first said more valid—all the qualities that make reading Baldwin so infuriating and enlightening—must be cruelly difficult to sustain. The need must grow on him simply to *scream*. And so, in this essay, things suddenly be-

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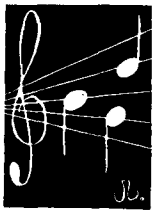
come very simple—literally, brutally simple. There was no love in the Negro church he preached in; there is no love in the white churches either; all white men are obsessed with Negro sexuality; there is nothing worth saving from the past, so any change is for the better; we need only "accept change." It is a message delivered with intimidating emotional intensity, but it is, in its essential content, the message of Ida. Faced with all the complexities of her relation with Vivaldo, she would prefer, at times, simply to shatter that relation with one blow, even if the blow crushes both of them. And Baldwin, faced with the complexities he lives with and writes about, must feel at times the temptation to call the whole tangle a lie or an illusion. Hoping it isn't.

It is not enough for us merely to sympathize with Baldwin's unhappy childhood, felicitate him on his style and send him back to Paris with more scholarships and literary prizes. He deserves an answer; he deserves a fight. He is an adversary worth our best arguments, and one of the uses of the fight is that it may force us to remember what our best arguments are. Once we do that, we have won; and so has he.

Records

Pablo Casals

RALPH DE TOLEDANO



IF YOU listen carefully to Pablo Casals, particularly in the Beethoven Sonatas for Cello and Piano which he recorded with Rudolf Serkin, or in the Schubert trios of the Prades Third Series (all on Columbia), you will notice that he uses the *vibrato* as an instrument of musical delineation. By that I mean that in the passages which contribute to the melodic unfolding, you can hear his rigorously restrained but marked *vibrato*, whereas in other passages the *vibrato* is almost nonexistent.

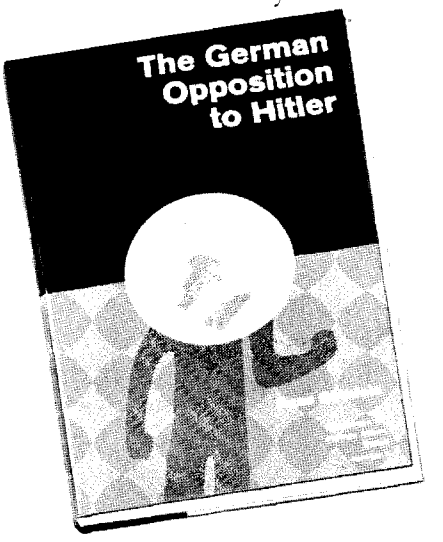
If you listen or watch, you will notice that despite his considerable age, he has greater control of his bow than any other cellist now playing. The pressure and the movement are fabulously even, at either end of the bow, and such variations as the ear detects are deliberate on the part of Casals. His fingering is something Casals developed and modernized from an earlier master. Today, though Casals has told me that "technically there is no better" cellist than Janos Starker, he was not including himself. Virgil Thomson almost, but not quite, said that cello performance as we know it today derives exclusively from Casals—and he was almost, but not quite, right.

It is nevertheless true that Pablo Casals is clearly "Mr. Cello" and that he brought both technique and an *ars musica* to an instrument which prior to his time had succumbed to maudlin lamentations. Casals brings to the cello warmth, color and tonal variety—but more important than this, he illuminates whatever music he plays. (The conductor Fürtwangler and the pianist Schnabel had the same quality, but there are mighty few in this company.)

I was thinking of this as I listened to a Casals recording of a Bach Suite for Cello Unaccompanied. (All six have been issued by Angel, repressing, I believe, the old HMV masters that RCA issued some years ago.) The Bach cello suites are much music—taxing instrument, performer and audience. But if it is not *lèse majesté* to say it, they can sometimes be great room emptiers. As a rule, you must be in the mood and ready to shut out from your mind everything but the architectonics of the score to be able to take massive doses of the suites. Casals, however, triumphs over the Baroque obstacle course—perhaps because the Catalans and the Germans have much more in common than either care to admit, but mostly because the unflagging virtuosity of the playing will not release your attention.

I am glad that Pablo Casals has, with the passing years, found new and ingenious excuses to ignore his vow that he would never play publicly while Francisco Franco ruled Spain. At Prades, at Zermatt, at the

TIMELESS INSIGHT . . .
as pertinent to Cuba or Viet Nam as to Hitler's Germany



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University of Puerto Rico in Rio Piedras, and in a growing number of elsewheres, he has performed again. It is a good thing, for he is a man in his eighties, and his iron constitution is not impervious to time. I think his sense of the winged chariot at his back has been responsible for this slow change of heart—though I'm sure he would deny it.

When I spoke to him, days before the first "Festival Casals" in Puerto Rico, he tacitly admitted this need for public performance. "It is always a sacrifice for an artist not to play," Casals said. Then he looked at the small yellow-and-red Catalan flag on his piano and added, "But there are *more important things in the world.*" The more important things for this stocky, balding man with the small pot belly, eyes shining softly through rimless glasses, were the foreign policy of the United States and its support of the Franco government.

Almost in parody of Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls* characters, Casals said, "The United States should have more dignity. These dictators do terrible things. They kill. And to kill has no dignity." I wanted to talk about music, but he had the dignity of Roosevelt, Truman, Eisenhower, and Churchill on his mind. Yet his need for musical performance was very real. I saw Pablo Casals two days later as he conducted a rehearsal of the Festival orchestra. They were running through Mozart's *A-Major Symphony*, and Casals happily swung his baton and his body in time to the music, singing the various parts à la Toscanini, though with better voice.

In the middle of the *Andante*, Casals suddenly dropped his hand, put down the baton, thanked the musicians, and painfully walked off the stage. He was pale but composed, and he showed no sign of his pain until he was in the dressing room. There he collapsed of a heart attack. They took him home in an ambulance to his house on the beach at Punta las Marias. But as they carried him out on a stretcher, he turned his head to look into the concert hall and then said, "*Qué lástima, qué lástima, qué maravillosa orquesta.*" ("What a pity, what a pity, what a marvelous orchestra.")

He did not conduct that first Festival Casals, but he recovered and continues to play. He married one of his students, a 20-year-old, sulky-looking

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and ambitious Puerto Rican girl. He acts as if time does not touch him. But when I play the Bach suites or the Schubert trios—in fact, whenever Casals is mentioned—I think of him walking off that stage, forgetting his heart but not his dignity. I think of his musical genius and his artist's simple outlook on the complexities of nations and politics. As a Spaniard, even a Catalan Spaniard, he thought first of dignity. But for this thought, and his genius, and the little Catalan flag, he would not be Pablo Casals.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

POWER, POLITICS AND PEOPLE, *The Collected Writings of C. Wright Mills*, ed. by Irving Louis Horowitz (Oxford, $8.50). Here is Mills coming from every angle at his central and obsessive concern: who has power, and why they shouldn't. Power should be in the hands of intellectuals, not "crackpot realists," should be used for "experiment," not "patrioteering." Brains, not wealth, should push society's muscle. And the way to identify brain is by its abhorrence of wealth and those who possess it. Mills was a tragi-comically exaggerated case of the frustrated man of affairs in the frustrated teacher—Machiavelli retiring to write a manual for Lorenzo. He pretended, for most of his life, that he would be his own Lorenzo, but it is no accident that he ended as an apologist for the firing squads of Castro. Behind the denunciation of power was obsession with it, and behind the obsession was idolatry. He found, in Fidel, his god with a gun; and falling down, he worshipped him. W. ROMAN

THE ODD DAY, by DeWitt Copp and Marshall Peck (Morrow, $4.50). The two writers who collaborated on a fine study of the Bang-Jensen case (*Betrayal at the UN*) spent two months in Quemoy, Matsu and Taiwan in 1961, interviewing 150 residents and soldiers of Nationalist China. Compressing the information thus collected, they have constructed a twenty-four-hour narrative that serves to connect the essentially episodic events of an "odd" day—one of the odd-numbered days of the month when the Communist shore batteries open fire. The facts and events and personalities recorded here will stick in the reader's memory and give him a tangible and human foundation to supplement his strategic understanding of the importance of Chiang's position in the Taiwan Strait. If the reader senses a departure from mere reporting, given the effort to dramatize a mass of anecdote and observation, that is mitigated by the judicious balance of approach. And the book contains a passage Harry Truman should memorize: a priest, released from prison after a lifetime in mainland China, says, "The news that MacArthur was going to bomb across the Yalu and attack the mainland had frightened the government. They got out of Peiping, ran away to Sian in Shensi Province. They disappeared out of the capital and off the streets for seventeen days . . . it was wonderful . . . and then on the eighteenth day, back they came. . . . They crowed that they had made a paper tiger out of MacArthur. They never announced that he had been recalled." W. F. RICKENBACKER

THE STARS, by H. A. Rey (Houghton, $6.00). If you, like me, have ever wished rather forlornly that you could identify something in the heavens besides the Big Dipper, this is your book. It is frankly written for those who just want to "go out at night and find the major constellations for the mere *pleasure* of it." No mystifying sky atlases, full of declinations, right ascensions, meridians, etc., but seventeen constellation charts, showing how the major constellations actually look in the sky, followed by twelve calendar charts, showing for any hour of any night of the year just where those constellations will be. When you go out—there they are. Also, no need to squint yourself blind trying to decide: *is* it twinkling or isn't it? Consult the table of the planets and you will *know* when and where to find Jupiter, Mars, Venus—unmistakable, once you can rec-

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ognize the constellation they are "in." E. MERRITT

FREEDOM OF ASSOCIATION, by Charles E. Rice (N.Y.U., $6). Especially in our over-organized age, freedom of association is an indispensable condition of a free society. It is also, according to the courts, a constitutional right secured by the First Amendment. Professor Rice's tightly written volume, with its careful research, examines this important right—the most extensive such examination presently in print. He touches upon a number of topics which have a particular interest for conservatives, including the "right" of association for subversive purposes (which he does not believe exists), and the conflict between union-security agreements and freedom of association, especially where union dues are used for political purposes. N. C. CROWLEY

A DIARY OF BATTLE, edited by Allan Nevins (Harcourt, $8.75). "But Lt. Dresser tells me that every battery all the way to Fort Hell opened on them at once. He says he never saw such a sight; the whole slope seemed covered with a rain of shrapnel, the dust rising where it struck exactly as it does on the road at the first large drops of a shower. . ." So it goes, for well over 500 pages, these "personal journals" of Col. Charles S. Wainwright, an upstate New Yorker who joined up shortly after Bull Run, and fought in every major battle of the Army of the Potomac. Curiously, little is known of Wainwright either before or after the war (the journals stop abruptly with a description of the Grand Review), but while he campaigned in Virginia, he set down a mass of detailed and vivid descriptions that must surely be among the finest from any war. At times his battle pictures rival Stephen Crane's for making the reader *feel* the action. Mr. Nevins could not have done very much editing, for Wainwright seems to have missed scarcely anything. Perhaps he should have done more. Good as the journals are, their sheer weight and length forces a tediousness that might have been avoided. This can still be avoided, however—by reading them *as* journals, a bit at a time. J.P. MCFADDEN

Speaking Up . . .

Wm. Rickenbacker, a dynamic young editor and colorful speaker who delights his audience while informing them, will accept invitations now to lecture and debate around the country next fall. His major interests are history, literature, economics, and political philosophy.

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To the Editor

The Leftist Elite

James Burnham's article on the ADA [May 7] is the perfect document for all social occasions where some quasi-inebriated Liberal buttonholes you and declaims against the menace of right-wing extremism. Mr. Burnham's expertly crafted and well-documented account of the penetration of our government by left-wing extremists shows where the *real* threat to this country originates.

New York City PETER L. BRANDON

The Violation of Arthur

I look forward with enthusiasm to the release of the 45 rpm record of Arthur Schlesinger Jr. praising Mr. Buckley's literary competence. It should be as entertaining as Our Farm Problem, Orville Freeman, singing the Mad Scene from *Lucia* to a group of wheat farmers.

Should inquiries regarding the availability of this record be addressed to Greenbaum, Wolff & Ernst, 285 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.?

Midland, Texas T. O. MCWHORTER

No. Please address inquiries to: Arthur Schlesinger, Chmn., Wm. F. Buckley Jr. Fan Club, 79 Madison Avenue, New York 16. —ED.

Orchids to Mr. Buckley for his dexterous violation of Arthur Schlesinger's privacy. Allow me to insert a word to console Mr. Schlesinger: Mr. Buckley's wit has been honed by long years of practice on the likes of Schlesinger. Whereas *everything* Arthur says is funny.

Wichita, Kan. ROGER ALEXANDER

Didactics Automated

The blanket accusation that conservatives oppose progress has always seemed to me to be a gross misrepresentation; but Russell Kirk's article [April 23] provides strong smoke for nervous Liberals seeking reactionary fire.

It is one thing to lament the dehumanization of modern man and quite another to deliver a doctrinaire denunciation of the electronic tools which have been found to be the most practical solutions to the most staggering problems facing American education—the overtaxed professor and the overcrowded classroom. Test after test has shown that many college courses can be taught as effectively (many of them, more effectively) via television as by conventional means.

One hopes that there will always remain institutions where the intellectually élite may walk alongside such eminent scholars as David "Claptrap" Dickson and be led to wisdom along the time-tested and approved Socratic footpath. But if our goal is to be a college education for the many, not for just the élite, technology must be allowed to serve mankind even in the educational process.

Technological progress has brought us into the twentieth century; without it there can be no twenty-first.

Wauwatosa, Wis. MICHAEL MOLENDA

School Prayer

Mr. Berns [April 23] properly focuses on standing to sue as a critical issue in the religious establishment cases, but unhappily he makes no contribution to the question of standing beyond raising it.

Assume, for example, that in a state in which Presbyterians are in the majority, the legislature passes a law establishing the Presbyterian Church and allocating $500,000 a year to build churches and compensate ministers of that faith. Or assume that Congress enacts such a statute.—Can anyone show in either case "not only that the statute is invalid, but that he is in immediate danger of sustaining some direct injury as a result of its enforcement, and not merely that he suffers in some indefinite way in common with people generally?"

The upshot of Mr. Berns' application of the standing rule to the establishment clause (although he does not say so in so many words) is that the statute suggested above—clearly violative of the letter and the spirit of the First Amendment—would be immune from federal judicial review. If Mr. Bern wants such extraordinary immunity for clear violations of the establishment clause, he has failed to justify his position. If this is not what he intends, he has failed to explain how his rigid view of the standing rule would avoid such a result.

Washington, D.C. MONROE H. FREEDMAN

Mallorca, No

Robert Blair's attack [April 23] on Russell Kirk's piece about the slobs of Mallorca was lamentable. If there is anything more shallow than Puritan strictures (Mr. Kirk's philosophy is a torrent of fresh air by any comparison), it is a passive embrace of debauchery and degradation.

Berkeley, Calif. JAMES WATSON

The Ill-Faring State

Desmond Fennell's article, "Goodbye to Summer" [April 9], was quite impressive. It was hardly what I think it may have been intended to be: a diatribe denouncing the dehumaniz-

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ing effects of the welfare state. It seemed to be more than that, for perhaps in it we found the unconscious strivings of the author's soul struggling to satisfy its need for companionship in despair. What can we blame who are the products of true democracy? The saying goes, "Misery loves company," which, it seems to me, aptly abstracts the motivating life force not only of the author, but many others, too.

Who likes to have lunch with an uncouth or ignorant stranger? Isn't it possible that a fire may result from too many smoking department-store shoppers? It is said that in Japan, escalator hand rails are wiped clean by paid janitresses at the top of each well. Can these things all be considered proof of moral and political turpitude?

Who has not looked forward with some happy anticipation to the moderate clime of the summer if for no other reason than it is then that vacations usually can be arranged? Has no one but me enjoyed the seeping warmth of the sun while sprawled on the lawn of a patio? Is it not only in the act of love that one's self is completely devoted to another, forgotten, and always acceptable?

Life is rather ugly. Why can there be no respite from the drudgery of jobs, civility, appeasement? Can we unabashedly point to the Swedes and accuse them of futile escapism? Are we ourselves not equally a party to the flight from overcivilization?

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I consider "Stagnation in Sweden: Fun Without Laughter" a magnificent piece, a tone picture in grey of a country that has compromised its soul for security.

Indianola, Miss. HAZEL CRAIG

Rusher on the GOP (cont.)

I cannot restrain an urge to comment on Fraser Barron's enthusiastic reply [Apr. 23] to Mr. Rusher's enthusiastic article [Feb. 12] with an extremely enthusiastic NUTS!

San Gabriel, Calif. MRS. C. W. SPAULDING

William Carlos Williams

NATIONAL REVIEW's supercilious remark, that William Carlos Williams' "occasional foolishness about public matters may now be decently forgotten," could only be a political comment, since Hugh Kenner, in the same issue, makes Williams' worth as man and poet clear. I imagine that NATIONAL REVIEW was short on facts but felt vaguely that Williams was politically too inconsistent to be either endorsed as a conservative or attacked as a Liberal. The truth is that Williams was neither Liberal nor conservative, but consistently American, feeling love for his country and for liberty so deeply that he could never be unaware of the danger of one to the other.

While Williams knew the danger of rejecting America, he also felt the temptation of expatriation because he saw the masses both as a source of strength and as a danger to his survival as an individual. He could comprehend Poe's rage at popular American culture as well as Whitman's attraction for the common. He could sympathize with Stein, Pound and Eliot, who fled America, and yet also be proud of his own deep roots. And he could condemn the masses for stupidity in the anti-German hysteria of 1917-18 while pointing out the intelligent aspects of the anti-foreign Know-Nothing party of the 1850's.

The only political organization to which Williams actually committed himself—speaking and writing its principles—was the American Social Credit "party" (active from 1933 to 1936 though never running a candidate). His friends introduced him to Social Credit theory, but Williams' commitment was based on something deeper than friendship: Social Credit was nationalistic and embodied the belief that America, in its history and in its soil, held the solution to its political and economic problems. "We are not rotten through. We have not lost ground. There is a historical American thing which is sound," he wrote in 1936. Furthermore, Social Credit was a means of preserving individual freedoms from destruction: "It would be of importance if with the rise of either Communism or fascism England and the United States could stand together in defense of this their conception of individual liberty."

Between 1952 and 1954 Williams was involved in a confused argument concerning his appointment as "consultant in poetry and English" to the Library of Congress. The facts are contradictory, but what Williams was arguing is clear. He was insisting upon retaining his individual liberty while he served his country; he felt he was being asked to forfeit some of

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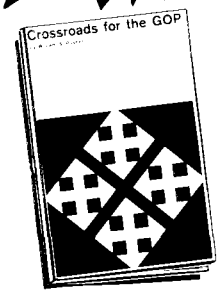

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those liberties in order to receive what he knew to be a great national honor, and the masses had never seemed more hysterically wrong. His stubbornness was not surprising, and his comment on the affair in 1954 was inevitable: "I am and always have been intensely American."

He believed in patriotism and individualism to the end. Whether these are foolish or wise, they are the ideas that made William Carlos Williams speak as an American in his art, and they should not be forgotten.

Austin, Tex. JOSEPH E. SLATE

Our reference was to Dr. Williams' unfortunate, and unquestionably innocent, attraction to several organizations dominated by the Communist Party over a period of more than twenty years. —ED.

Tycoon Trap

I thought William Rickenbacker's article "CED: Tycoon Trap?" [Feb. 26] was extremely well done. I think you'll find a great many red faces among those who have been supporting the CED especially as it now has three strikes against it in my humble estimation. One, the report on labor; number two, the report on education which generated a full-page editorial in protest in the *Wall Street Journal*; and number three, the worst of all, the report of the CED's Commission on Money and Credit.

Greenwich, Conn. FELIX EDGAR WORMSER

Fair Play for Didion

As an enthusiastic reader of Joan Didion's *Run River* I looked forward with a considerable amount of interest to NATIONAL REVIEW's own review of this remarkable novel. It was, therefore, with amazement, disbelief and, finally, utter dismay that I got through Guy Davenport's review of *Run River* [May 7].

To begin with, what in the world was that arty nonsense at the beginning about Talmudists, Jünglinger, and "Cumberland's *Henry*"? And what of the falsification that "all humor, all irony have been pared away"? And the business about it suffering in comparison with English novels. Joan Didion, thank God, is an *American* novelist, and perhaps the best we have unearthed since William Styron and John Updike. Let us leave the English novel to C. P. Snow and J. B. Priestley.

Later, having accused Miss Didion of paring away all irony the reviewer calls the novel "mere irony." A little earlier he refers to the dramatis personae as the "effete descendants" of the pioneers. Calling Everett or John McClellon or Walter Knight "effete" raises the question of whether the reviewer actually read the book. It is the sort of thing one would expect from somebody like Gore Vidal if he were a Section Man at Sarah Lawrence.

It occurs to me that Mr. Davenport is a very sane man who did the piece on Robert Ardrey's *African Genesis*, one of the most remarkable pieces ever published in NATIONAL REVIEW. How can this same writer be content with his review of *Run River*?

Shreveport, Louisiana JANIE C. LEE

The Archduke Replies

In his article [March 12] Mr. Burnham states that I was misinformed when I wrote that France's Fifth Republic had eliminated Communists from all sensitive positions. I maintain energetically my assertion. There are today in France no Communists in any of the Ministries, Ministerial Cabinets, nor in any sensitive post of the state and of its administrative and executive bodies. At the same time no Communist has any position of importance in leading or sensitive industrial, mining or commercial enterprises. This was not the case before 1958.

As to the statement that there are 10,000 persons in "concentration camps," Mr. Burnham has obviously been the victim of deliberately false information spread by partisan groups. There are at present in France only a few hundred political prisoners; gradually most of these are released. When one remembers the crimes committed by the OAS, this number is surprisingly low. Of course there are a few thousand criminal prisoners in France—as in the United States or any other country: but these are in jail for reasons other than their political creed. Concentration camps do not exist in France; internment camps, needed at the height of the OAS terror, have all been closed down.

It is a grave error—deliberately fostered by the sympathizers of the OAS or other systematic enemies of the French Republic—that Communism is bound to inherit from General de Gaulle. Those who repeat this slogan show that they do not know

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France. True, the old parties are dead or near death, but this was not the making of the present regime: it is the consequence of their own fault or the result of the fact that they have become obsolete. The same applies to the Communists. French Communism, though still fairly strong at the polls, has lost its drive and fire. Proof: in 1962, 90 per cent of the members of the French Communist Party were over 40 years of age. The party's youth cadres are all but gone. Such a party is no longer a danger. French youth, in its overwhelming majority, supports the present government. This is easily seen when visiting a session of the newly elected French National Assembly. Seen from the galleries the opposition benches gleam in the light of bald domes and silvery manes; the UNR (the Gaullist Party) can be distinguished by the fact that almost all its members have ample black or brown hair.

Starnberg, Austria OTTO VON HABSBURG

Fidelity to Accurracy

In a recent book review [April 9, 1963], I stated that "a *Christian Science Monitor* correspondent, lately out of a Castro prison," had found no evidence in 1960 of Fidel Castro's Communist connections.

This was an inadvertent error. The correspondent in question did not represent the *Christian Science Monitor* but the *Wall Street Journal*. I apologize to the *Monitor* for the mistake.

Washington, D.C. RALPH DE TOLEDANO

Charity and the Welfare State

Russell Kirk, in his column [March 26], says:

"Christians are strictly enjoined, indeed, to relieve want to the utmost of their ability. But the essence of charity lies in its voluntary character."

From there he goes on to explain that when charity is dehumanized and put into the hands of the state then it ceases to be charity in the true sense of the word.

I agree with Professor Kirk and also wonder if perhaps those who feel the pangs of conscience for the poverty-stricken aren't really seeking to ease their guilt and also their personal Christian responsibility by transferring the burden to the state, whereby they feel absolved from further obligation. That's bad enough,

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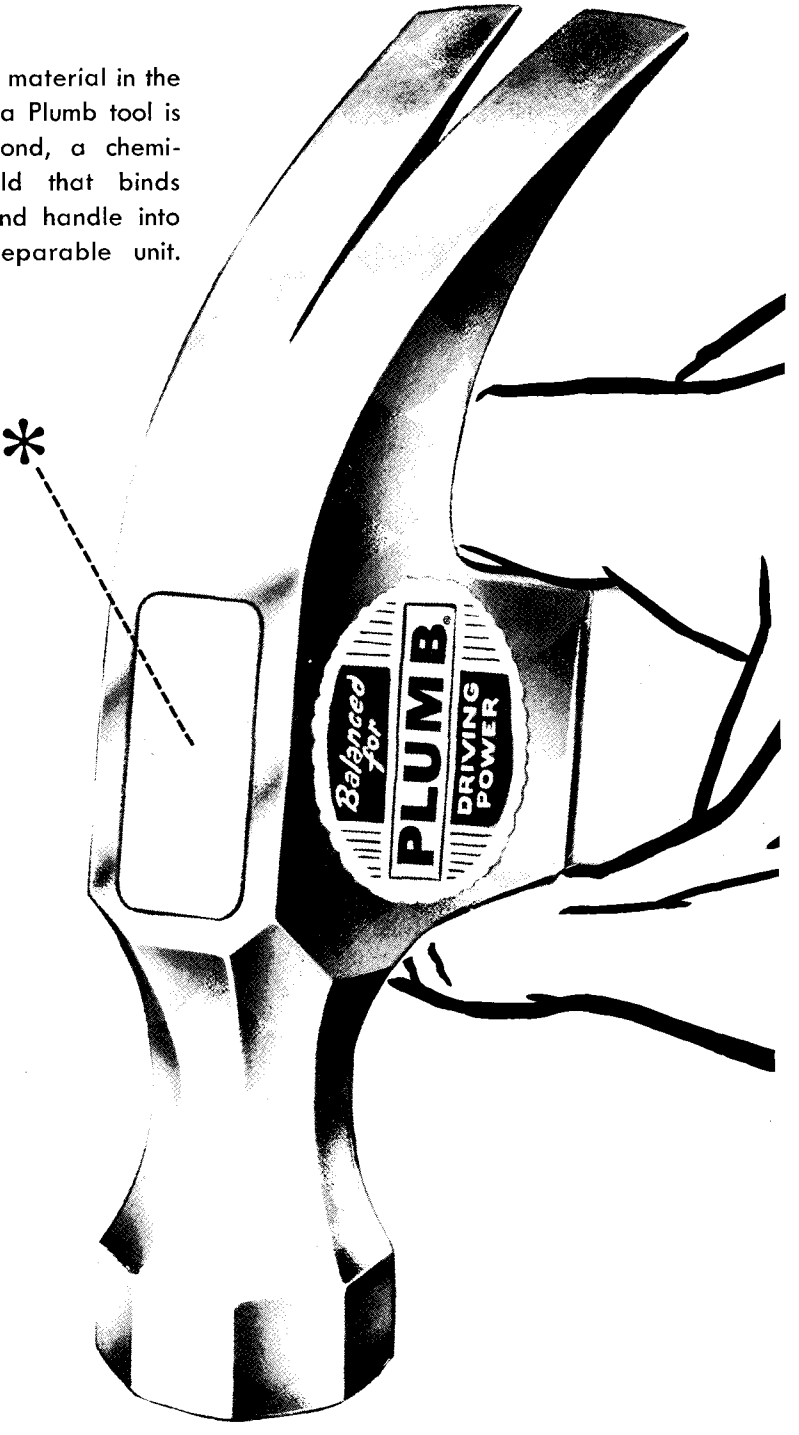

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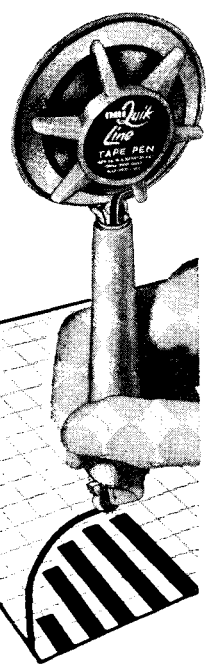

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but when others, who may even contribute generously to private charities, are coerced into doing likewise, I'd say it's downright unfair.

Also, when these people seek the adoption of programs of state welfare they forever banish the need for sometimes painful but indispensable, individual moral decisions on a daily basis. When charity is personal and on a voluntary level the donor's conscience is kept alive and his self-esteem is reaffirmed each time he gives. Let us not shirk our individual duty as Christians and allow its transformation into cold and imperonal, mechanized benevolence.

Flushing, N.Y. ANDREW B. MULLER

ADAlled Poesy

In "In This Issue" [May 7], you say, "James Burnham writes the definitive article about the Americans for Democratic Action, . . . who-all are its succubae, . . ."

Twinkle, twinkle, ADA(e),
Who-all are your succubae?
Tell me also whom you see
As succubor, whom succubee?
In France, the art of *progressisme*,
Is that a kind of *succubisme*?
Could Kirk (and here the reasoning's thin)
Be succuboring from within?
Will tempests spawned by anglophones
Succuba down to Davy Jones?
O twinkle, twinkle, ADA(e),
Who *dare* to be your succubae?

Toronto, Canada T. T. RIEDER

Northern Light

It is most gratifying to find NATIONAL REVIEW encouraged by the Canadian election results. But as for your description of Mr. Diefenbaker as a "prairie radical": radical at what? Unless you consider selling wheat to Red China as some sort of subversion. If the U.S. sells to Falangist Spain, surely Canada can sell to Red China. Prairie radical! Humbug!

To clarify Canadian politics, may I suggest that our Liberals correspond to your Northern Democrats, our Tories to your Liberal Republicans, and our Social Credit to your Goldwater Republicans.

Westmount, Canada GERALD COOPER

If demanding huge boosts in old-age pensions, rejection of nuclear arms, and love of easy money are the hallmarks of "Goldwater Republicans," we're the Nation. —ED.

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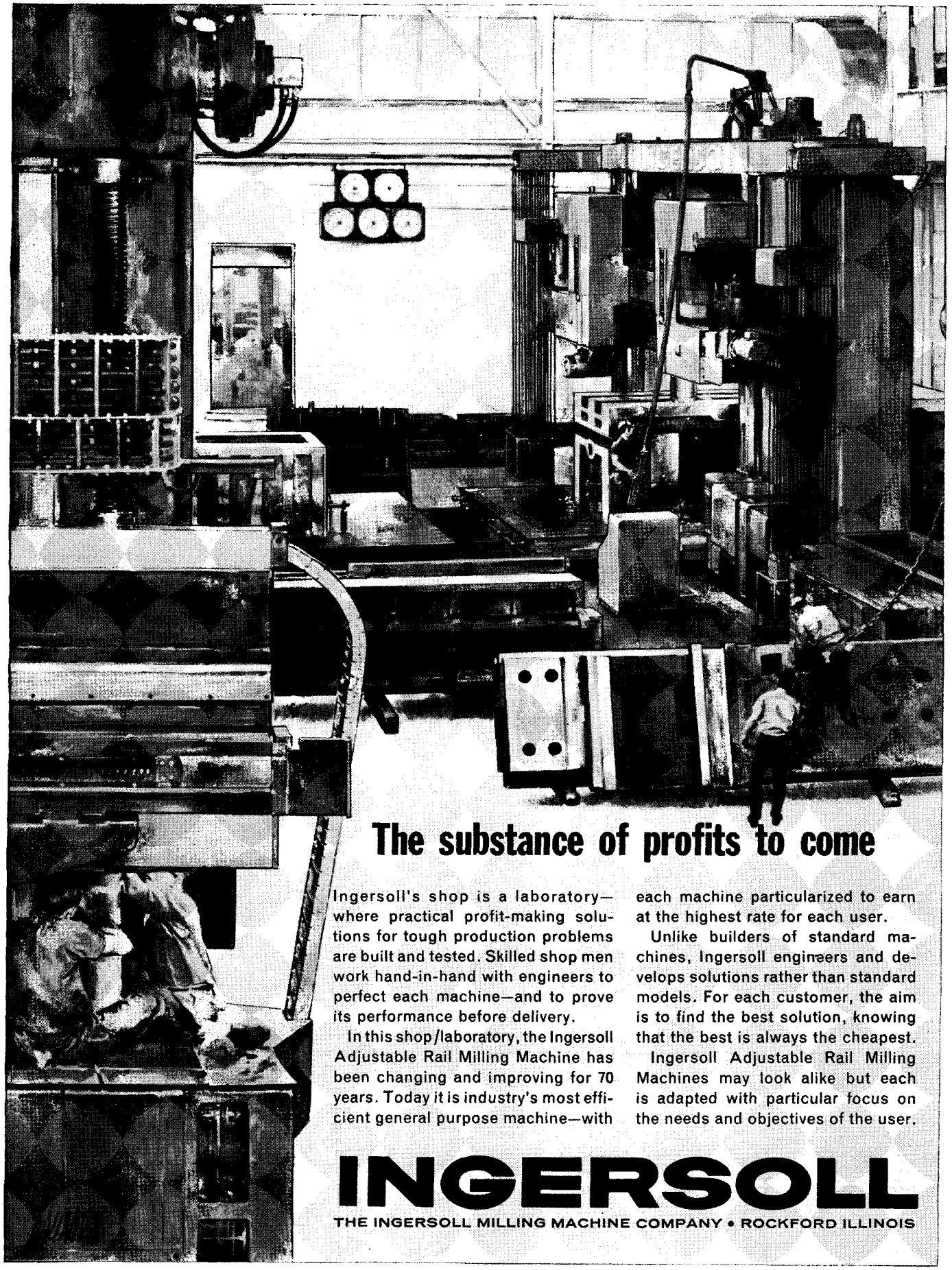

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